

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

Britain Faces Television

Bernard Braden

► GREAT BRITAIN FACES the future of television with less hysteria but at least as much perplexity as the United States. 1952 is a crucial year because the BBC's charter runs out, and there hasn't been so much political lobbying since the suffragettes tied themselves to the railings outside the House. At least the suffragette issue was clear-cut. A thousand varying solutions have been proposed for the TV problem, and even these have become confused in the accusations flying thick and fast in Parliament, Press, and Pub. These latter range from the long-standing broadside to the effect that the civil service temperament is not up to running an entertainment medium; to a persistent rumor that Milords Beaverbrook and Kemsley are hoping to corral all television time and subsequently let it to the highest bidders for pure profit.

Meantime, television itself moves slowly forward to a mixture of praise and criticism. After the war, British TV began to pick up where it had left off in 1939. For three years prior to the war television had been available for several hours a day to anyone who lived within a radius of thirty miles of London. In 1939 one could buy a receiving set for as little as twenty-five guineas, and when, with the outbreak of war, all transmission was brought to a halt, approximately fifteen hundred sets were known to be in use.

Today, the facilities and popularity of the medium increase daily. There are four transmitters, located at London, Sutton Coldfield, Holme Moss, and Kirk O'Shotts. Another transmitter should be ready at Wenvoe in the autumn. The four operating transmitters make programs available to about sixty per cent of the people in Great Britain. In October of 1951 one million sets were known to be in use, and by April of 1952 this number had jumped to a million and a half. Unfortunately, the number of paid-up licenses is alarmingly small, and the BBC is being forced to spend a great deal of precious money in collecting these fees. When one considers that the owner of a television set gets five hours of entertainment every day at the rate of a little less than a penny a day, it does seem a pity that these fees are not paid voluntarily. The quality of the work done is not easy to assess, and of course public criticism is conditioned by the fact that only one program is available to the viewer at a given time. Last Sunday

evening for example, from 8.30 to 10 o'clock the British viewer had a choice of "The Taming of the Shrew" by William Shakespeare, or "The Taming of the Shrew" by William Shakespeare. Before the play he had been given a fifteen-minute review of excerpts from the week's Television Newsreels, most of which he had seen before; and a quarter hour of comedian Arthur Askey, which might or might not have been to his taste. After the play he was treated to the weather forecast and a recorded repeat of the 10 o'clock News in Sound only. To an American viewer that would seem pretty dull fare, but the BBC point with pride to the number of letters they receive thanking them for introducing the writer to a play such as "The Taming of the Shrew" which he would not have seen from choice, but thoroughly enjoyed when he watched it because he had no choice. The BBC have a little more trouble answering people who complain that "The Taming of the Shrew" is to be repeated in its entirety on Thursday evening. Their reply to this one is typical of the policy and, for those who take the long view, not devoid of sense. The BBC maintain that it is part of their plan to *discourage* their viewers from spending too much time in a darkened room. The man who has seen the play on Sunday is much better advised on Thursday to develop a hobby, play parlor games with the

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family, or go to a theatre. This answer may be one of expediency, but it does have its supporters outside the BBC.

Other things on view this week are a special TV film of the life of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth to be shown on the occasion of her birthday, a panel show called "Know Your Partner," based on an American counterpart known as "Rate Your Mate"; a second play called "Portrait by Rembrandt", four comedy programs, two ancient but not vintage Hollywood films, four documentary films, an excellent discussion program in which members of Parliament argue matters "In the News," the amateur boxing finals from the Empire Pool at Wembley, an ice hockey game, the Association Football amateur Cup Final, and a Saturday serial of the thriller variety. In addition to this there is a comprehensive group of programs especially for the children. Two others are worthy I think of special note. One is called "Current Release," a fortnightly review of films which are about to be released to the suburbs after London runs. In this program a personable young man talks briefly about each film, and not always kindly, after which we are shown not a trailer, but a scene from the picture. It has not yet been decided whether this helps or hinders the box-office. The other show is called "Cafe Continental" and is a monthly effort, for which a BBC producer spends three weeks on the continent touring night clubs and booking the best European acts available. The BBC pays the expenses of all the acts, and what amounts to a nominal fee for their appearance. The result is a show that not even the mighty Palladium could hope to pay for in the normal manner.

Breaking the entertainment down into departments, the children's programs seem to be the most generally acceptable. Outside broadcasts, particularly of sporting events, meet with approval, and of the studio shows drama is far and away ahead of its sister departments in popular esteem. Light entertainment, particularly comedy, is the constant headache and to date no one program has really satisfied all the viewers. Panel shows, usually borrowed from American ideas, go down very well, and there are the usual special features for women.

Technically, the relative values of American and British techniques are almost impossible to judge, except from personal observation. American visitors are (a) loud in singing the praises of British television reception as opposed to the native brand, or (b) loud in singing the praises of the native brand as opposed to British television. English visitors to America come back with equally conflicting reports. About the only things one can say for certain are that the Americans have more equipment and better studio organization, and that the British have discovered a superior method of transmitting film.

The main problem facing British television today cannot be settled until Parliament decides whether or not to introduce some degree of commercial sponsorship. It is obvious that the viewer is not always going to get his television for less than a penny a day. The Drama Department alone produces almost two hundred plays a year at an average running time of an hour and a half, with three weeks' rehearsal for each play. Fortunately for the BBC, entertainers are falling all over themselves merely to be seen on the TV screen, so that budgets for single shows rarely run above three thousand dollars. To offset this, the entertainers' unions are fighting tooth and nail for higher fees, and sooner or later the BBC must face the fact that well-known artists are going to demand some reasonable recompense for appearing in TV.

The greatest threat to morale lies in the fact that BBC staff producers, technicians and writers, are quite shock-

ingly underpaid; and if the film industry in this country ever finds its feet again, there will have to be drastic salary revisions if the BBC is to retain its best workmen.

At the moment, shortage of material stops the people who control the money from knowing which way to jump. A large proportion of the equipment used before the war is still in service. A backlog of money is available for the purchase of new equipment, some of which has been on order for five years with delivery date still unknown. If the BBC uses this money to put on more and better programs now, they may find themselves in five years' time highly developed program-wise, but with completely outmoded equipment, and no money to buy more.

The problem then is easily put, but not easily solved. If television is to develop in Great Britain, far more money must be made available. Is commercial sponsorship the only answer, and if so, at what point do you keep its benefits and not become the slave of its artistic limitations?

The men who are running British television at the moment lack some of the showmanship of their American opposite numbers, but I think it is true to say that they are generally more far-seeing and more civilized in their point of view. Underpaid as they are, they would ask the



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British public to think carefully before it sacrifices the rights of its minorities to the commercial point of view. For there is no doubt that new problems would be created by a governing television body which planned its entertainment and judged its public mainly on susceptibility to advertising techniques.

Guns or Butter or What...?

Is there a relationship between the department of street-cleaning in New York and the United Nations? Of course not: but recently an astounding comparison between them was made. The taxpayers of New York, a city of some nine million people, pay more than twice as much (110 million dollars) to keep broken bottles, tickertape and cigarette cartons off their streets, than the sixty governments who make up the United Nations, representing about two and a half billion people, do for all United Nations services throughout the world (48 million dollars).

Such comparisons are advanced in the currently renewed guns-and-butter argument occasioned by the increasing tempo of western rearmament. Equally startling comparisons are advanced comparing our "preparedness," or lack of it, with the pre-1939 state of things. Others again have even taken it upon themselves to argue that arms production has about the same utility, or less, in the modern world than street-cleaning departments. But probably the truth of the matter lies somewhere between these extremes.

A United States senator tells us that it costs the U.S. taxpayer about seven cents per annum for the upkeep of the United Nations compared to about \$240 per person for the upkeep of the American defence machine. In Canada the figures would differ slightly.

But Canada's U.N. allocation of about two and a half million dollars represents about 13½ cents per person annually. Yet we are committed to spending five billion dollars on armaments over the next three years, or approximately \$123 per year for each of us.

Sir Benegal Rau, on leaving the U.S. to take up his post with the International Court of Justice, said: "Vast sums of money are being spent on our armaments because nations do not feel safe. If somehow they could be made to feel safe and to reduce their expenditures on armaments, the savings could be devoted to constructive programs in underdeveloped areas of the world where democracy is on trial today." Put another way, why is it that the United States can spend hundreds of millions of dollars daily in the Korean War, yet to date only twenty million dollars has been pledged to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation program for Korea, which was launched by the Secretary-General of U.N. over a year ago?

Sir Benegal Rau merely reiterated what has come to be regarded as the core of the Charter of the United Nations—to work for peace "based on the promotion of the economic and social advancement of all peoples." The Russians long ago accepted this principle as the proverb-quoting Mr. Malik pointed out in a debate of the Security Council—"A hungry man is an angry man."

Yet even now the Western countries are forcing themselves and their allies toward "hunger" and ultimately, we may presume, toward "anger" with larger and more crippling armaments budgets. The fall of the French Government following Lisbon and the revolt of the Left-wing of the British Labor Party on the armaments issue are only symptoms of the growing unrest. One does not have to be a friend of the Canadian Peace Congress to endorse the view that armaments production, unbalanced by civilian

and consumer goods, will sooner or later destroy the natural equilibrium of a balanced peace-time economy.

Credit Controls

With the removal of restrictions on consumer purchases of such items as automobiles, appliances and furniture, and the ending of almost all restrictions on bank credit, Mr. Abbott has dismantled much of the federal government's anti-inflationary machinery. The financial experts evidently feel that the danger of inflation is passed, at least for the time being, now that wholesale prices have fallen sharply, and the cost of living index is slowly moving downward, though still well above the pre-Korean level. In fact, last year's fear of excessive consumer demand has given place to puzzlement, not to say concern, over the strange reluctance of the average man to part with his money. Undoubtedly, the government began to feel a little foolish in insisting on restrictions to cut down buying of automobiles, washing machines and refrigerators when sales of these articles had fallen drastically and inventories were piling up in stores and warehouses.

The credit restrictions were imposed just over a year ago, at the height of the post-Korean buying spree, on the assumption that such frantic purchasing would continue forever unless something special were done to stop it. The fact is that the buying spree was a response to a fear of scarcities which later turned out to be unjustified, and to the expectation of a continued rapid rise in prices in the absence of effective price control. The situation was enormously complicated by a wild scramble for scarce commodities on the international markets, which raised prices of such commodities as tin and wool to fantastic heights. Credit restrictions or not, there was bound to be a reaction, and we have evidently not recovered from it yet.

For one thing, a good many customers are now well stocked with appliances, and well burdened with installment payments. For another, the slump in house building is bound to reduce the demand for furniture and furnishings. Perhaps also the truth of the matter is that high prices of food, clothing and shelter leave the average consumer little surplus for the purchases of anything not absolutely essential. Under these circumstances, it is doubtful if the mere removal of credit restrictions will be enough in themselves to stimulate lagging sales to any appreciable extent. The question arises whether or not the situation could have been prevented or at least modified by a little more co-operation between the countries of the western alliance on the matter of supplies of vital materials (and in Canada, a little less reluctance to establish a system of price control). Meanwhile, several thousands are unemployed, and it is by no means certain that the defence program will be able to provide them with jobs.

This Is Peace?

Peace, to quote Father Divine and ex-divine James Endicott, is wonderful. Everyone, with the exception of Wall Street war-mongers, is in favor of it. However, there are those who love it for its own sake while others think the word wonderful for its powers of diversion. Some of the former have joined the latter in the "Canadian Peace Congress" and it is their duty to themselves and to peace, without the quotation marks, to know their associates.

Item: Although there are documented cases of individuals who have claimed that the "Canadian Peace Congress" is not communist-inspired, not even Tim Buck will deny that the communists are supporting its program, if not the

Congress itself. This might lead to the belief that the communists are in favor of peace. In fact, there are those who believe this, as there are people who will believe anything, but the communists themselves are not among them.

The recent public meeting of the "Peace Congress" in Toronto will serve as an example. Several leaders of the Labor-Progressive Party were not prevented by their love of peace from helping some unsavory-looking characters push press-photographers around. One, the editor of a Toronto communist weekly, threatened to floor this writer on the spot. While this donnybrook was in progress, James Endicott was in the midst of quoting Luke 4:16-21. If the spectacle appeared to him incongruous at a peace meeting, he had the strength of character not to recognize it even by a smile.

Item: A few days before James Endicott spoke in Toronto, his fellow lovers of peace in Tokyo and Berlin provoked riots of a most unpeaceful nature. As they see it, this may be the way to herald the achievement of what Endicott called "the noblest aspirations and most morally praiseworthy desires of all humanity" and it must be a narrow, picayune mind indeed that would notice or call attention to the contradiction.

Item: At this meeting, James Endicott went to great pains to defend his honor against doubts cast upon it by Canadian newspapers and a parliamentary committee. This is commendable. They charged him with being untruthful about evidence of germ warfare in Korea. This is unkind. It may have been mere oversight. To help him be more accurate in future interviews, we offer him the information, gratis, that the government in Peiping and the volunteers at Pammunjon have rejected a proposal to allow a Red Cross investigation of the charges and permit the World Health Organization to enter North Korea and China to assist in control of epidemics. And every time he mentions Frederic Joliot-Curie's letter from Prague on this subject, he may also quote from the open letter signed by ten Nobel Prize scientists calling on Joliot-Curie to join them in an impartial scientific investigation of these charges.

Item: On May Day, Moscow's Red Square is filled with a million uniformed men. This is peace. A lie is the truth. The truth is a lie. Police terror is called people's democracy. Conquest is called liberation. And there are those who believe that this is as it should be.

FELIX LAZARUS.

Things To Come

The Fifties of this century may be known to future students as "The Flying Saucer Decade"—a weird time when even unimaginative Canadians risked nightly cricks to scan the heavens for whirling things. It will also be known as a time when the gullible, the stunned, the godless, and the panic-ridden were everywhere scuttling around in search of Fuehrers or Father-types to lead them out of the saucepan.

There is a frayed but discernible connection between saucer-watching and the present jittery urge to pass the moral buck. In wilder journals it has been hinted that flying saucers are from another world and that the crews of these ships must be of an uncommonly high intelligence. Consequently, there is a good chance that every beat-up wish and ham-strung fear in the whole world will be transferred in a short time to the unknown and possibly non-existent people in the saucers.

Let us suppose that one of saucers somehow makes radio communication with us and, from the context of the message, we recognize that we are in contact with a superior

mind. Fine. Now we have leaders with spotless nostrils and outsize brains to put us through the hoops we love so well. It follows that there will be global goodwill in a matter of days. Everybody — Churchill, Stalin, Eisenhower, and whoever happens to be Premier of France for the day will get together. Curtains (iron and steel) will go up; tariffs will come down. Basic English (cautiously remedied at U. of T.) will be taught at all schools as well as sight-reading courses in the Music of the Spheres. Harmony will prevail; harmony, and a scuffling, uneasy kind of *égalité*.

Then comes the day when the first saucer is scheduled to land on earth. Slogans are prepared, buttons stamped. Millions of people congregate to welcome the representatives of the faraway Master Race. It is rumored that these space-beings are possessed of angelic spiritual beauty and have the intellectual power of a hundred Aristotles.

The saucer lands. A door opens. Out steps something that looks like a worm on a roller skate. No good, eh? A frog is beautiful to another frog but something else again to a beetle.

So, there we are: the first interplanetary war starts because of a niggling problem in aesthetics. Aesthetics is no longer taught in the schools because you can't make a living with it. So, for the want of a . . .

BARRY COUGHLIN.

Twenty-five Years Ago

VOL. 7, No. 81, JUNE, 1927, *The Canadian Forum*.

The militant defence of the proprieties goes valiantly on. The latest news from the front comes from the Boston Salient, where the Booksellers have been driven to their trenches. Dreiser's *American Tragedy* is still before the court there, although elsewhere it has been almost universally received as an important contribution to American literature. The *Publishers' Weekly* announces that other books have also been suppressed in Suffolk County (i.e., Boston), including *Elmer Gantry*, *The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars* by Maurice Dekobra, Mary Sinclair's *The Allingham's*, *Tomek the Sculptor* by the daughter of Eden Phillpotts, and Antony Pryde's *Rowforest*. The last named was banned before publication, which extraordinary proceeding seems to indicate that the nominally pure have captured the initiative. In addition, shipments of such classics as the *Arabian Nights* and *The Decameron* have been detained at Ellis Island or wherever such undesirable aliens are examined.

This amazing state of affairs will doubtless prompt many Canadians to point the finger of scorn at the whitened figure of American Prudery. But before doing so it will be well to remember that the enlightened city of Toronto not so long ago arrested a leading bookseller for selling Burton's *Arabian Nights*, jailed another for an equally innocent sale, while *The Constant Nymph* only escaped by the word of a respected citizen that it was the "best book of the year." In the field of "politics," a gentleman was actually arrested because he owned and apparently admired that highly Bolshevik document—Plato's *Republic*. In the face of all these attempts to purify the life of the Continent, the unregenerate have described two signs of spring. Mr. Edward P. Gates of Boston, General Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, has publicly stated that he believes any form of newspaper or fiction censorship is harmful to public welfare. And in Canada a leading censor declared to a group of citizens interested in the widest possible distribution of books and who had complained of

his activities: "Gentlemen, I should be very glad if you would help me. I've read so many bad books in my life that now I don't know a bad book from a good one."

Letter from London

Stella Harrison

► WE HAVE ALWAYS kept up anniversaries in our family. At a tender age my sister and I saved up pennies and walked several miles to buy in great secrecy a perfectly hideous silver-plated cruet for my parents' silver wedding. Scattered half across the world, we always remembered each other's birthdays; and we still go into a huddle around May Day on the ever more baffling problem of what to get for Mother's birthday.

Friends less fetish-bound tell me it is a sentimental habit. It probably is sentimental; certainly it is a habit of mind which makes one recall that five years ago on May Day there was hardly anything to buy except bunches of lilies-of-the-valley in the ruins of Caen, and seven years ago yesterday it was hot and thundery in London like today.

A couple of boys from Alberta had arrived from Germany during the weekend. I had organized tickets for a radio show — still quite a novelty then for the unsophisticated — and arranged for a girl from New Zealand to make up the party. It was stiflingly close in the theatre. I had V.I.P. seats, that is to say, at the front of the balcony, and the heat rose from the packed audience below in nauseating eddies tinged with whatever they used to impregnate service uniforms with to repel insect parasites or keep out the wet or both.

The end of the show promised welcome relief, and everybody was eager to leave as quickly as possible. But the announcer, svelte in his black formal clothes, came on to the stage with hands upraised, signalling that there was something more to be heard. He stepped up to the microphone, obviously in a state of terrific excitement. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we have just heard that there is to be an important announcement at the beginning of the nine o'clock news. We think you would like to hear it and we are about to relay it to the auditorium."

We all knew what it was, of course. We had been expecting it for days. But when the familiar voice of the news reader told us that the armistice had been signed and that there was to be a public holiday to celebrate VE-Day, we could not really grasp it until the National Anthem drew us to our feet in a great chorus of thanksgiving.

Out in Piccadilly Circus, the crowd was chock-a-block. Our two gunners — 2nd Canadian L.A.A. — somehow battered a way through, with the New Zealand girl and me clinging close in the wake. I rather fancy it had started to rain but I cannot remember clearly. I cannot remember anything more about that evening except that it was hot and that my heart was near to bursting.

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PEACE! IT'S WONDERFUL!

V-Day was gloriously sunny. The streets and the parks were crammed with people. In the evening we all gravitated to Buckingham Palace and stood close-packed in the roadway, Socialists, Republicans, True-Blue Tories, yelling frantically: "We want the King!" We yelled and yelled until he came out and waved a greeting; and then we cheered and cheered till long after he had gone in. And at last we strolled away under the velvety May sky.

Then the prisoners came home. After weeks without news of the camps evacuated in the German retreat across Bavaria, the names began trickling in of those who had survived the gruelling trek *hinterwärts* while allied flyers machine-gunned any moving column of men on the roads at sight. They were painfully thin, ill with near-starvation and mental strain, but they were home. Aldershot was stiff with them. There was not a room to be had in the town, so many wives and sweethearts had travelled down to be near their menfolk when they returned.

I wore a red dress, with a white linen collar, and white buckskin shoes. I was very pleased with those shoes — it was almost impossible to get hold of white shoes of any kind in the latter part of the war and these were a beautiful solid job in good leather; but I had paid the extravagant price of forty-two shillings for them! Mind, I wore them for five summers. I have just come in from buying a pair of flimsy sandals for which I have paid almost exactly double that, and I doubt very much if they will last the season through. I have a red dress on, with a white linen collar. There is talk of an armistice. And the news on the radio is about the prisoners. The difference is that they are not in Germany.

Not this time. Next time, maybe. Almost certainly if next time is ten or twelve years away, bringing it to about twenty years since last time. For this is not where we came in, to the tune of *Deutschland über alles*. The film is already half way through the second showing, and what is to come must follow what has gone before — unless someone stops the show.

Happily half of the audience is getting restive. Belatedly those who, with a few exceptions, cheerfully opted for bi-partisan management when they held a nominal 51 per cent of the shares are coming to see, now that they only hold 49 per cent, that the house is being run on wrong lines. They have not, for the most part, got around to realizing that the programs were shocking when they supposed they were in control; but they are beginning to take thought for the future.

They are beginning to appreciate that "Love your enemies" does not have to mean "Arm your enemies," and that this applies at least as much to the devil you know as to the devil you don't know. For the moment, that seems to be as far as they have got but it is an important start to have made. To acknowledge the need for frank re-thinking of Socialist policy is the first essential step toward forming the next Socialist government.

The step is just as necessary in domestic matters as in foreign affairs. It would be a disservice to the country to encourage the idea of turning the Tories out now, hearteningly as this week's Borough Council elections may confirm the County Council results a month ago. The re-thinking has to be pursued without self-pity, the clichés have to be challenged without self-deception, the new policies have not only to be forged but to be subjected to the exhaustive tests of modern metallurgy.

We cannot afford to be satisfied with the initial strength of what we create today. We have to try to discover how it will stand up to the stresses and strains of usage, if we are to discharge honorably our task of building the future.

London, England, May 8, 1952.

The Future of the Eskimos

Edmund S. Carpenter

► THOUGH NUMBERING less than nine thousand, the Canadian Eskimos occupy most of this country's arctic coast land. Beginning at the Alaskan border, their scattered settlements extend eastward to the Labrador, a distance of several thousand miles. From the white man's point of view, this land has no favorable qualities, unless its severity be counted as such. The endless tundra, stretching from sea to horizon, has an austere, monotonous charm, a certain cold, clean-edged beauty. Yet throughout it is hard on man.

To the Eskimos, however, it is home, the earth's most favored place. They have no desire to go elsewhere; they are content with the land of their forebears. To migrate elsewhere would be useless, for no land between the four pillars that hold up the earth is thought more bountiful.

Although the Eskimos are gradually being drawn into the world economy, life in the north is still ruled by the old ecological cycle. Subsistence is by the chase—hunters prey upon all non-human animals around them. In recent years trapping incomes have been augmented by stevedore work and employment by scientific expeditions. But at heart the Eskimos remain hunters, and the only labor in which they delight is the chase. They not only depend on game for all of life's necessities, but they have the hunter's outlook on the world. And though acculturation processes have by no means left their culture "purely" aboriginal, changes are often more apparent than real. The Eskimos of today, in spite of their dependence upon civilization, represent in thought and act individuals foreign to the Western mind.

Among the southern Eskimos, where white influence has perhaps been strongest, the life of the past merges with that of the present. But in the northern latitudes we find very primitive groups who lack, as yet, this unstable combination of neolithic and modern traits. Thus as one proceeds north from the tree line, step by step the recent history of the Eskimos unfolds itself, terminating among the Netsilermiut, whose contemporary existence represents in act and thought the behaviour of man of an early new-stone age.

It is among the southern Eskimos, then, that we find our best clues as to what lies in the future for the group

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as a whole. The picture is not pleasant. Game herds have been decimated; disease is spreading; the Eskimo population, which declined greatly following initial white contact, remains virtually static; by far the greater part of the Arctic is abandoned wasteland; and now these people live with a highly unsatisfactory economy. This state of things is quite satisfactory to many Canadians who look upon it as the result of inevitable economic laws and who therefore are content to leave to charity alone the full care of helping these unfortunates; as though it were the task of charity to make amends for the open violation of justice. It is a violation because the white man has accepted the spoils of the North, but ignored the problems created by his invasion.

I doubt, however, that anything will be done about it. Twenty-four years ago Fridtjof Nansen, describing the plight of the Eskimos, wrote: "Surely the Canadian people and authorities will not allow such a thing to happen, when once their attention has been drawn to it." But while other countries made steady progress in meeting the problems of their arctic populations, Canada attempted little. Denmark, Finland, and Russia not only accepted the northern natives as equals and partners in the north, but in so doing furthered their own efforts in northern development. Far from being liabilities, the native peoples of Greenland and Siberia are today among the real assets of the Arctic.

There is, however, one great stumbling block which stands in the way of the successful adjustment of the Canadian Eskimos. I refer to race prejudice. In spite of the harshness of the north, in spite of the diseases for which the natives have little resistance, the declining food supply and the falling food market—in spite of these major handicaps—it is my considered opinion that the main problem lies not in the north, but in the south. It lies with us, in our belief in the inferiority of all darker peoples.

Here we perceive the grossest deception which results from a belief in the so-called "natural inferiority" of certain peoples. By this belief we make ourselves unable to learn from them since we consider that they have nothing to teach. Instead of joining with these people in a reciprocal arrangement for a long-range development of the north, we offer them two alternatives: either acceptance into the Canadian community on a level of inferiority, or acceptance on a level of equality after first rejecting all native traditions. As Felix Cohen has noted, in the latter case: "We think ourselves as scaling the heights of generosity and philanthropy when we offer them a chance to be assimilated into our society, the chance to achieve emancipation by giving up tribal ties and possessions that unite them to their past. Perhaps this only scales the heights of racial arrogance. Perhaps the lamb that is assimilated into human flesh and blood by the process of eating and digestion attains a higher status than it enjoyed frolicking on a meadow." In both alternatives, it is adjustment of the weaker group to the stronger, not a voluntary and reciprocal interaction. In neither case do we look these people right in the eye and think of them as human beings.

Yet knowledge of the Eskimos makes it increasingly difficult to call "inferior" a culture which has succeeded in adjusting to the severest environmental conditions ever faced by man. It has succeeded, moreover, in stabilizing human relations, including intertribal relations, to a degree apparently unattainable in our modern world of individual insecurity, family instability, interclass strife, and nationalistic wars. My admiration for these people steadily increases in proportion to my knowledge of their way of life. I feel strongly that we can ill afford to lose the only people who have, as yet, established permanent homes along the arctic shores of North America.

Yet these Eskimos now face a very dismal future. Shipments of relief food, charity, feeble efforts at developing native crafts and curio production, more education, and a paternalistic policy on the part of the government offer no real solution. A practical, intelligent plan for domesticated reindeer herding, employment on weather stations, the development of a sound fur industry, or creation of a market for sea mammal products might make it possible for them to recover and build a sturdy arctic population.

If they are to be assisted in their subconscious search for a successful adjustment to modern conditions, there is not much time to spare. General health, economic stability, and the ethnic will to survive continue to decline. Since the Eskimos are practical, realistic extroverts, I feel that actual economic stability should be the first objective. If this can be achieved, other no less important facets of their culture will undoubtedly adjust. The result would be highly beneficial, for, as Froelich Rainey has written: "If the Arctic is to become the air crossroads of the world, then an acclimated, native population will be of tremendous advantage, and the surviving handful of arctic Eskimos, even though no more than the equivalent of a small town in the United States, is worth saving."

More is involved here, of course, than merely the economic advantages to be gained from an enlightened policy. We are concerned here with the problem of the existence of a minority in a democracy. President Franklin D. Roosevelt once wrote that we in North America "are amazingly rich in the elements from which to weave a culture. We have the best of man's past on which to draw, brought to us by our native folk and folk from all parts of the world. In binding these elements into a national fabric of beauty and strength, let us keep the original fibres so intact that the fineness of each will show in the completed handiwork."

This philosophy and the world-wide trend towards responsible local autonomy and improved welfare have become the momentous facts of our time. These concepts mark the emergence of a new international morality where the theory of social justice based on majority rule is being superseded by a more subtle approach based on the principle of cultural autonomy. Indeed, the problems and the very existence of minorities rest upon the recognition of the rights of peoples, notably of self-determination.

But recognition merely in principle of the rights of the Eskimos to self-determination, especially to cultural freedom, will not alone solve their many problems. On the contrary, it may aggravate these problems unless adequate guidance is offered to nurture and cultivate the emergence of independent and prosperous northern communities. Knowledge and vision will determine whether the Eskimo future is fruitful and promising or inconceivably sterile and destructive.

We hope—we hope a little, that whereas Eskimo acculturation has hitherto been blind, at the mercy of unconscious patternings, it will be possible gradually, insofar as we have become informed and genuinely tolerant, that it shall be guided by intelligence. If the reconstruction of Eskimo society is to be achieved, it will be costly and difficult, but the gain from such an effort is self-evident.

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Exposed The Golfic Mysteries

John D. Robins

► THE WRITER FEELS that he cannot better introduce this plea than by a personal confession of the situation and incidents that have led to its appearance in this publication. A year and a half ago I was a resident of the city of Chicago. During the course of some idle studies in Competitive Religions, carried on largely at the justly famous Newberry Library, I chanced to make the acquaintance of Professor Eselweis. The circumstances surrounding our meeting, and the reasons which induced that great man to give me his confidence, are curious enough to interest the reader but are scarcely germane to the present purpose. Let it suffice that within a few weeks of our first meeting, he had entrusted me with the story of his life work and had pledged me to carry on the heroic and perilous task to which he had devoted all his prodigious energies, and for which he was finally done to death by the minions of the dark cult whose mysteries he was exposing.

To keep the reader no longer in suspense, Professor Eselweis had made the hideous discovery that the supposed game of Golf is really the resurgence of one of the most dreadful of the ancient orgiastic religions, a religion which has retained its devotees, its ritual, its priesthood down through the Christian era under cloak of an outward acceptance of that faith, but which is now rapidly approaching a position of sufficient power to challenge seriously the Christian Church, and is almost ready to come out into the open. Dr. Eselweis had accidentally hit upon the secret in the course of certain investigations, and had actually been able to publish the introductory outline of his discoveries in Germany some years before the war.¹

Two reviews, an exceedingly furtive one in the *Hibbert Journal*,² and a more exhaustive one in a German periodical,³ had warned the Golfic priesthood, and the whole edition disappeared suddenly and simultaneously, while the plates were destroyed by a fire of unknown origin. Even the manuscript was stolen. This much Dr. Eselweis had told me. He had himself fled to America, but had been caught and confined in an asylum for the criminally insane in Chicago. Escaping thence in the spring of 1924, he had immediately begun work again on the preparation of another manuscript of his great introductory outline. It was at this time I met him. He had already completed the preface. Having, as I intimated before, obtained my solemn promise to publish what he would leave at his death, he delivered this preface into my hands—and was found shot dead the following morning. Since he had been shot and no doubt could exist as to the manner of his demise, an inquest was deemed unnecessary, and there was not even a press notice of his death.

I immediately prepared ten copies of the preface, and conveyed them into the hands of trusted friends in different parts of the world. I am withholding publication at present only in the hope that some one who is in possession of a copy of the original *Abriss* may read these lines, may be convinced of the menace of the cult herein exposed, and may forward to me said copy for reprinting, in which case publication of the preface will be rendered unnecessary. I take

This is reprinted from our issue of November, 1926, with the permission of the author, who adds, "My only stipulation is that *The Canadian Forum* should undertake to provide a divot as a floral tribute on the occasion of my consequent assassination. The divot could be replaced after the funeral."

this opportunity of saying that I guarantee the anonymity and personal safety of anyone who will send me a copy of the *Abriss*, and of warning the Golfic hierarchy that my death, which I confidently expect as a result of the following disclosures, may retard but cannot prevent the exposure of their system. There can be little doubt that the vast majority of the devotees of Golf are utterly ignorant of the implications of their actions, and are indeed unaware of what they are doing. It is, as a matter of fact, largely for their sake that I have undertaken this duty. The interest of Professor Eselweis, at first purely scientific, became intensely ethical, and mine is equally so. The remainder of this article, then will indicate some of the evidences which Dr. Eselweis found for the antiquity of Golf as an orgiastic religion.

It is very probable that, like most religions, Golfism originated in Asia Minor or Egypt. There would appear to be an obscure reference to it in one or two passages in the great Egyptian 'Book of the Dead,' and the following inscription in the tomb of M'na, from that monarch's fine hymn to the Golfic god Put, or Phut, is definite, and is perhaps the earliest evidence we have: "I have missed thee, O Phut, therefore have I broken my staff!" The ecstatic rite of staff-breaking, here alluded to, came in later times to be generally discontinued, and an evidence of desire to break the staff or club was regarded as sufficient proof of devotion. Readers of Herodotus will recall that he mentions the frenzied throwing of the sacred clubs by the priests of Phut, and ascribes to this the invention of the art of javelin casting. There was an elaborate ritual in connection with the handling of these clubs, and neophytes underwent long periods of training in this ceremonial alone. In fact, so much honour attached to the mere carrying of the clubs that the youths who bore them for the priests were distinguished by an astounding superciliousness of demeanour, and were given the same title as was bestowed upon the civil judges, that of Cadi.

For a long time in his investigations, Professor Eselweis was puzzled to account for the importance of these clubs in the Golfic mysteries. His earlier researches had led him to the conclusion that Golfism was in essence a bird cult, with a totemic basis, with the Eagle as the highest god and all small birds as subsidiary divinities. He had found evidences in hymns and pictorial symbols of an extraordinary veneration of the eagle and the so-called 'birdie,' with a vague monotheistic approach in the rare mention of the mysterious 'Void in Unity,' for so he renders the Sumerian inscriptions which would be literally translated by the meaningless expression *hole-in-one*.

There seemed, however, no possible connection discoverable between Golfism as a totemic worship of birds and the club rites. The solving of this problem constitutes one of the greatest achievements of scholarship in the field of Competitive Religions. Unfortunately, I have not at my disposal space to discuss this brilliant piece of work. The learned professor established the fact that historic Golfism is a grafting of a fertility cult on an earlier, primitive bird worship. The discovery of this combination solved almost all the difficulties, and furnished a perfect explanation of the club rites. These rites would appear to have been confined

¹*Abriss einer Einleitung in das Golfismus*, in vier Bdn. Teubner.

²*Hibbert Journal*, May 19—; pp. 235-241.

³*Zft. f.d. Rel. Forsch.*, XXXV, S 37-168.

originally to the spring sowing time, but they were later practised at all seasons of the year, although there has always been a greater fervour shown in the spring rites, especially with respect to the ones which I am about to describe. As an earth-fertility spirit, Put required an outdoor worship, and indeed his temples were vast open spaces in the neighbourhood of the large cities. At irregular intervals, small altars were erected, and the devotees were expected to make the round of these every day. A small sphere, probably a symbol of the fertilizing sun, since there are clearly discernible traces of sun-worship in Golfism, was projected, by means of the sacred clubs, from one altar to another until all had been visited. Occasionally the devotees would pause to dig small holes in the ground. It was deemed essential to the efficacy of this part of the ceremony as a fertility rite that the grass be torn out by the now maddened worshippers, in order that the fertility spirit might enter the soil. Once he had been enticed to enter, stringent ritualistic regulations, enforced with horrid penalties which I must not here detail, required that he be imprisoned by replacing the sod that had been torn away. This ceremony of tearing the sod was attended with the uttering of fervent, ejaculatory prayers, for which satisfactory translations have not yet been made. Other places of a pit-like nature were provided, in which the same ceremony of digging an entrance was observed, with the accompaniment of similar rhapsodic invocations, but with the as yet unexplained difference that the grass seems to have been regularly removed in these. At each of the small altars the entrance for the sun-spirit into the earth was facilitated indeed by the provision of minute holes, unless, indeed, as may well have been the case, these last were for the reception of libations.

Singularly few remains of Golfism have been found in the course of Roman excavations, although there are evidences to show that it was at one time strongly entrenched among some of the legions, notably those, to be sure, which early saw garrison service in the East. It was in Roman remains, however, that Dr. Eselweis found his final proof of the assimilation of birds and fertility cults, which must then have taken place rather late. A number of barrack inscriptions found in Numidia consist of roughly drawn representations of the eagle, with the explanatory caption: *Sic Put Qui Respondet*—'Thus (is) Put, who answers (petitions)'. There can be no doubt that this points to a time when Put, the old fertility spirit, was being first represented as an eagle, when therefore the identification had to be explained and made familiar. This eagle representation of Put and an abbreviation of the explanatory phrase were later adopted for the Roman standard.⁴ Golfism was ultimately displaced in the Roman armies by Mithraism. So far as Dr. Eselweis could ascertain, only a few words of definitely Golfic origin are to be found in extant Latin, notably the word *brassarius*, used of the bag in which the sacred clubs were carried. Plate XII of the *Abriss* showed, as the Professor informed me, a rough illustration of a *brassarius*, found in the remains of a Roman villa in Dacia. Montelius has two fine photographic reproductions as well.⁵

Golfism was flourishing in at least one country of the West at about the beginning of the Christian era. That country was Ireland. This is not surprising when one bears

in mind how profoundly Ireland has been affected since earliest times by Oriental influence and when one remembers that early Irish Christianity was Eastern and not Roman. References to Golfism, plain enough to the intelligent and unbiased investigator, abound in the Irish sagas. The story of the 'Boy Deeds of Cuchulinn' in the 'Cattle Raid of Cúailnge',⁶ contains an unmistakable allusion. Cuchulinn was going up to Emain Macha, the capital city of Ulster, and as he went, says the story, '*Focerded a liathróit ocus focerded a loirg inna diaid, co mbenad in liathróit*'. The literal translation of this Old or rather Middle Irish passage is: 'He was throwing his ball and he was throwing his club after it, so that it was striking the ball.' This makes no sense, and the text is unquestionably corrupt. The thirteenth century transcriber, writing at a time when Golfism had long been driven out of Ireland (the Professor has made it abundantly clear that the great migration of the Scots from Ireland in the third century of our era was the aftermath of an unsuccessful attempt to establish Golfism as a national religion in Ireland) did not understand the sense of the passage. The reference is, of course, to Golfic initiation rites which the boy Cuchulinn was performing preparatory to taking arms, with the sun-disk and the staff-hurling which we have noted before. The so-called 'bird reign' of Conar Mór probably represents the high-water mark of Golfism in Ireland.

The cult was brought over to Britain, as we have seen, when its devotees were driven out of Ireland. Its subsequent history, from the end of the third century until it reared its baleful head in modern days, is shrouded in bestial mystery. Its hideous tenacity of life is attested by the fact that after hiding underground for centuries it has been able to break out in modern time with virtually the self-same rites that were being practised when Herodotus saw the priests of Put performing the Golfic mysteries about the Great Pyramid, centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. It has even imposed at least one of its rites on Christianity. There can be little doubt that the custom of 'beating the bounds' had its inception in the ancient Golfic practice of erecting altars, of the general type described above, along

⁶Book of Leinster—LU. 60a39-60b18.
Yellow Book of Lecan—YBL 20a11-20b30.



CHRIST CHURCH, MILLARVILLE, ALBERTA
(Linocut)—MARTHA I. HOUSTON

⁴The customary explanation of the letters S.F.Q.R., with its ridiculous interpretation of the Q. as a post-positive particle, may date from a time when the meaning was no longer understood, but is more likely part of a deliberate attempt to stamp out Golfism in the legions. The Napoleonic, German and American eagles are undoubtedly also of Golfic origin.

⁵Montelius, *Kulturgechichte Schwedens*.

the tribal boundaries, which were thereby supposedly rendered immune from invasion. These boundary altars were invariably visited on the Golfer Sabbath, which in the Orient fluctuated between the first and seventh days of the week. In Ireland, as in the modern revival, both days seem to have been honoured almost equally.

It is my hope that this brief outline has conveyed some idea of the insidious character of this obscene anachronism, the more disgusting features of which I have preferred not to mention until I am forced to do so, but which is, I am convinced, peculiarly responsible for most of the darker and more atavistic aspects of modern life and literature.

Filled as I am with the conviction of the righteousness of the cause to which my heroic friend became a martyr, animated by his example and admonished by his precept, I shall continue in every way possible to attack the monstrous thing, until the fate which I anticipate at the hands of the unscrupulous and now arrogant minions of Golfism will overtake me.



Mayor Lamport assured city council yesterday that the works department is doing everything possible to destroy the stench from sludge beds of old sewage. "It is unfortunate, but it is not a situation of our making," he declared. "If the wind had been from any other direction than from the south the stench wouldn't have been noticeable." (Globe and Mail)

Mr. Charlton: We have still lost it though.

Mr. Howe: Well, lost—what does my hon. friend think we are going to do with the salmon, just leave it in the ocean or throw it away? We will sell it somewhere where they can afford to buy canned salmon. (Hansard, May 15, 1952, p. 2239)

Mr. Fair: Earlier we had some discussion about the international wheat agreement. We got some information but I should like to have a few more details.

Mr. Howe: It is not possible to get it from me. The meetings of the conference were supposed to be in camera. I have given all the facts I know, and I hope no one else is prepared to give any more information than I have. The meeting is only adjourned. Mr. Phelps gave some information in Regina and I believe he has been cracked over the knuckles for it. I do not want to be cracked over the knuckles so I am not going to give any information. (Hansard, May 15, 1952, p. 2275)

Canadian Pacific Steamships will have to change the names of two of its ships because there is no comparable word for Beaver in Japanese or Chinese. (Canadian Press Despatch)

Swearing Has Lost Its Bite, Rotary Clergyman Swears. (Headline, Montreal Gazette)

Mr. Charlton: It must be admitted that our export market in Britain for eggs in either shell or processed form was largely a wartime export which we could expect to lose because the water content of eggs did not warrant long distance transportation and dried eggs are a relatively low priced product.

The same argument could be advanced for our loss of the British market for condensed milk, on the ground that the watery content of this product could stand the long freight haul in wartime but not peacetime. . . .

(Hansard, May 15, 1952, p. 2234)

STORE MANAGER—For large bargain centre. Previous 5c to \$1.00 store experience preferred. Must be able to handle help and be a go-getter. Good opportunity for the right man regardless of religion. State full previous experience and salary.

(Advertisement, Toronto Star)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to B. Chandler, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

The Poetry of Edith Sitwell

Neville Braybrooke

... I am one who must bring back sight to the blind.

From "The Poet Laments the Coming of Old Age."

► THE POETRY OF EDITH SITWELL for the last thirty years has been one continual spiritual pilgrimage. At times she has found the way hard and the nearer she has approached her goal, the steeper and more perilous has she found the ascent; for quite literally it has been an ascent—each step of the way her individuality fighting to assert its independence in the long tradition of English poetry. She has lived her major years in an uncongenial period of history, a period largely wasted between two wars, in which it required the best energies of men and women to live on such a barren soil, let alone subsist on it. Accordingly to survive, she has had to cultivate both industry and frugality—the fruits of which are now apparent in her work. For her work has been through what might be described as an elemental baptism and it is this baptism which links her work with that of Chaucer and Dunbar, as well as Skelton and Donne and the great nature-poets ranging from Wordsworth to Walt Whitman. However, at the outset of her pilgrimage, the spiritual side did not predominate: instead, during her early days, she was more concerned with pioneering in the cause of modernism. This did not mean that she abandoned either metre or rhyme (which have always played a major part in her poems), but her experiments were with imagery, with translating color into sound, with transporting experience into terms of verbal fireworks, so that there is some truth in those charges levelled against her first books in which she was accused of seeking notoriety at the expense of nobility of diction; of striking attitudes and discords rather than alliterations and assonances. During the twenties these traits still remained with her, but by the thirties they were fast receding. Only in a survey of her work as a whole must one recall them.

Her third volume of poems appeared in 1918; characteristically enough, it was called *Clowns' Houses*. It was included in "Initiates"—"a series of poetry by proved hands" published by Basil Blackwell in uniform volumes "in Dolphin old style type." Miss Sitwell's book was the fifth in the series, other poets represented including Geoffrey Faber, Eleanor Farjeon, and Aldous Huxley. A review taken from the *Scotsman* of that time accurately describes them: "All the books of poetry that come from Mr. Blackwell in Oxford commend themselves by the care and skill, not to say elegance with which they are printed; and the look on the page cannot but prepossess anyone." But not everyone was prepossessed, for it was at this time that Miss Sitwell was editing *Wheels*.

The first number of *Wheels*, an annual of contemporary verse, was produced in 1916 and ran for six cycles—in the process changing publishers three times; going from Basil Blackwell to Leonard Parsons and from Leonard Parsons to C. W. Daniel. It was a rallying-point for a new school of poetry, and among its chief contributors were Nancy Cunard, Helen Rootham, Aldous Huxley, Wyndham Lewis, William Kean Seymour and Paul Selver. (The fourth number was dedicated to the memory of Wilfrid Owen and contained seven of his poems.) Of its advent the *Morning Post* said: "We have no doubt that, fifty years hence, the publication of *Wheels* will be recognized as a notable event in the history of English Literature." Yet once more not everyone

was either prepossessed or predisposed towards it. In 1921 a counter-blast anthology entitled *Cranks* made its one solitary bow: English poetry had become split into two camps—the reactionary and the *avant-garde*. Up till then the split which had been growing for over a decade only required definition, and the “little review movement” which had begun in 1914 with the *Little Review* gave it that definition. It was obvious to which camp Miss Sitwell would give her allegiance. As early as 1915 she had published two short poems of ten and six lines, “Drowned Suns” and “Serenade,” in the *Daily Mirror* and from that moment it was apparent that she was with the vanguard. Her life was to be dedicated to shackling her individual talent to tradition, or, to put it another way, one might say that she wished to stay with the vanguard without becoming too dangerously *avant-garde*. She was aware of the dangers of excess, even if at times she fell a victim to them. For her aim was always to write poetry that was never without rhyme or reason. Yet it was not until the appearance of *Clowns' Houses* that discerning critics began to take serious note of her work.

The first poem in the book, “Fireworks,” reveals that predilection which Miss Sitwell has always had for highly colored settings; for Brighton in the Season, with its panama hats and gaily striped blazers; for all the hi-cockalorum of the seaside resort in full swing. It provides an essentially sophisticated setting, and Miss Sitwell's early poetry was highly sophisticated. Here is a passage from “Fireworks”:

Pink faces—(worlds or flowers or seas or stars),
You all alike are patterned with hot bars

Of coloured light; and falling where I stand,
The sharp and rainbow splinters from the band

Seem fireworks, splinters of the Infinite—
(Glitter of leaves and echoes) . . .

The poem that follows is again typical: it is called “Minstrels” and begins:

Beside the sea, metallic-bright
and sequined with the noisy light
Duennas slowly promenaded
Each like a patch of sudden shade.

In the same volume there is “Myself on the Merry-go-Round” which illustrates well that versatility which was later to be developed in both *Bucolic Comedies* and *Façade*; a flare for catching the repetitive tune such as that of the hurdy-gurdy or dance band, without letting the jog-trot words fall into banality.

The giddy sun's kaleidoscope,
The pivot of a switchback world,
Is tied to it by many a rope:
The people (flaunting streamers), furred
Metallic banners of the seas,
The giddy sun's kaleidoscope
Casts colours on the face of these;
Cosmetics on Eternity,
And powders faces blue as death:
Beneath the parasols we see
Gilt faces tarnished by sea-breath
And crawling like the foam, each horse
Besides the silken tents, of sea
In whirlpool circles takes his course.

One notices the use of the word “metallic” in both poems and, remembering that the adjective which does not give either meaning or emphasis to its subject only kills the noun it qualifies, one quickly discovers that once Miss Sitwell hits upon either a phrase or an adjective which she likes,

its repetition becomes constant. Often she transplants whole lines from earlier poems to incorporate them in new ones—a habit which, after a concentrated reading of her work, leads to a certain exasperation on the part of the reader. For like Hopkins (though this is not to equate her talent with that of Hopkins) she is a poet whose work makes a greater impact after a number of readings than after one consistent concentrated reading.

Her affinities with other poets, in particular the French Symbolists and more especially Rimbaud, are obvious: equally obvious is the effect of her work on her younger contemporaries. Of Dylan Thomas she has always spoken admiringly and it is interesting to see how much he has been affected by her imagery, sometimes, as it would seem, to the point of repetition. In Miss Sitwell's poem, “The Old Nurse's Song,” there is a later echo in Thomas. Miss Sitwell sings:

Ptolemy, poor Ptolemy
In a dusty room doth lie—
Beggars for his bedfellows,
Pence upon his eyes.
The old men spend his money,
The nursemaids eat his honey—
But no one knows at all, my dear,
Where Ptolemy doth lie . . .

and in “When I Awoke,” a poem written thirty years later, Thomas has the line:

“And the coins on my eyelids sang like shells.”

Still more recently in the title-poem of her book, *The Canticle of the Rose* (which is one of “Three Poems of the Atomic Bomb”), Miss Sitwell has a line which to the reader, if not to the poet, appears a fusion of expression between her own earlier work and the more recent poetry of Thomas. She writes:

“Come, give me pence to lay upon my staring lidless eyes!”

Moreover since part of the poem is the transcript of an eyewitness's account of Nagasaki, it is possible that “The Canticle of the Rose” which appeared in 1949 is a marriage of echoes—both prose and poetry. For in 1946 John Hersey wrote in his documentary, *Hiroshima*: “. . . their eyesockets were hollow, the fluid from their melted eyes had run down their cheeks. (They must have had their faces upturned when the bomb went off . . .).” Naturally this kind of criticism belongs to the realms of speculation and its truth in this case may be open to question. Yet that is not its ultimate point for it is a critical approach more concerned with general principles than with particularities and it is used here in a specific case merely to give an example of the poetic process at work; to show the way in which poets—sometimes consciously, sometimes not—store in their minds lines and passages from other authors which later they incorporate as organic parts of their own poetry. But to hark back to the two poems, “The Old Nurse's Song” and “When I Awoke” . . .

Miss Sitwell's line—“Pence upon his eyes”—is straightforward enough: it is the kind of line which can be thought out, and the poem in which it occurs may perhaps best be described as a five-finger exercise. With Thomas's poem it is otherwise. “When I Awoke” is poetry of another order (the same order as “The Canticle of the Rose”). For lines such as “And the coins on my eyelids sang like shells” and “Come, give me pence to lay upon my staring lidless eyes!” have the spontaneity of genius about them. Not in a thousand years could they be thought out: they are the result of inspiration, and inspiration is the mark of Thomas's and Miss Sitwell's best work—especially their two books, *Death*



and *Entrances* and *The Song of the Cold*. Yet before saying anything of Miss Sitwell's more recent writings this may be an apt place to say something of the characteristics common to all women's poetry. For although there are similarities between the poetry of Thomas and Miss Sitwell the problems which faced them are not the same: differences of sex lead to differences of approach.

The poem, "The Old Nurse's Song" (an extract of which has been quoted), in its strong attention to musical form has, as its title implies, something of the nursery rhyme about it; and this type of elemental word-music is not so surprising when it is remembered that such a factor is latent in all women's poetry. Woman by nature has an ear for a certain imagery which all children possess in common, but which if they are boys they tend to lose when they become men. With woman it is not so because however blasé or sophisticated she may become later in life, this primeval quality of song running through all folk ballads and rhymes, all nursery ballads and rhymes, is ever latent with her. That is why the Greek poets in their plays chose women for their choruses; because this traditional wisdom which is a special feminine birthright enabled them to foretell the sad fates of those who did not obey the gods. Their potentiality as mothers gave them the ability to see the outcome of the actions of those about them and hence give warnings of wrong moves, in much the same way as a woman teaches her child what is wise by scolding him when he errs towards what is folly. Yet the ironic thing was that the speeches of these Greek choruses were written by dramatists who were extremely masculine. Now it seems with Miss Sitwell that her later poetry—especially all that she has written since the Second World War—is pre-eminently sexless poetry. One is not aware that one is reading the work of a woman as one is with her contemporaries Anne Ridler, Frances Bellerby, Kathleen Raine, or the late Lilian Bowes Lyon; and this in spite of titles to her recent poems such as: "An Old Woman" and "A Mother to her Dead Child." In fact in her case it appears a dual process has taken place: that she is writing as a classicist, but speaking for a chorus. At first sight this may appear a paradox, but it is not so startling when one recalls a prefatory note which she herself wrote to one of her books:

"No critic can be more severely conscious of the faults in some of these poems than am I. The writing of poetry is at all times a difficult matter; but women poets are faced with even more difficulties than are men poets, since technique is very largely a matter of physique, and in the past, with the exception of Christina Rossetti's *Goblin Market* there has been no technically sufficient poem written by a woman."

With this in mind one can understand why so many of her poems from *Clowns' Houses*, with one exception, for the next twenty-two years appeared so often as either five-finger exercises or brilliant experiments with technique; of ingenuity chasing ingenuity for the sake of ingenuity. The one exception is "Gold Coast Customs."

In 1928 *Gold Coast Customs* was published. It is a description of civilization projected back one hundred years when in Ashantee the death of any rich person was followed by several days of national ceremonies in which the poor people were often killed so that the bones of the deceased might be sprinkled with human blood. The theme of course is really contemporary and it is the *malaise* of the world in which the poet lives with which she is concerned. It was moreover a poem in which Miss Sitwell was able to knit

together all the different aspects of her talent which she had exhibited up to that moment. The last few lines surge forward, culminating in one of the most powerful lines that Miss Sitwell has ever written—a line which crashes like the last of seven waves and reaches the mainland of memorable poetry:

Gomorra's fires have washed my blood—
But the fires of God shall wash the mud
Till the skin drums rolling
The slum cries sprawling
And crawling
And calling
'Burn thou me!'
Though Death has taken
And pig-like shaken
Rooted and tossed
The rags of me
Yet the time will come
To the dark heart's slum
When the rich man's gold and the rich man's wheat
Will grow in the street that the starved may eat—
And the sea of the rich will give up its dead—
And the last blood and fire from my side will be shed.
For the fires of God go marching on.

Nevertheless there is a weakness inherent in the poem as an entity. It is that the effect of a second or third reading reveals that although as far as horrific effects go one is satisfied, once one takes the booming musical accompaniment for granted, there is not the intellectual content which makes for instance the continual re-reading of *The Waste Land* so invaluable and remarkable an experience. As yet the spiritual marriage between heart and mind has not been achieved.

In one sense this contrast between Eliot and Miss Sitwell is one of temperament and physique: in another sense it is one of difference in religious outlook, since with Miss Sitwell there is a strong strain of pantheism running through her poetry. There has always been this pantheistic strain in her work although recently it has become less marked. An interesting case of it is afforded by the poem "Metamorphosis." This first appeared in 1925, and ran for nearly three hundred lines, whereas Miss Sitwell's revised version of this poem that was included in her book, *The Song of the Cold*—published in 1945—only runs to just under one hundred-and-fifty lines. There has been so much revision that the two poems bear little resemblance to each other and it is significant to set one after the other the closing lines of each text. The original poem ends:

Then my immortal Sun rose, Heavenly Love,
To rouse my carrion to life, and move
The polar night, the boulder that rolled this,
My heart, my Sisyphus, in the abyss.
Come then, my sun, to melt the eternal ice
Of Death, and crumble the thick centuries
Nor shrink, my soul, as dull wax owlshies
In the sun's light, before my sad eternities
whilst the subsequent version runs:

So, out of the dark, see our great Spring begins
Our Christ, the new Song, breaking out in the fields and
hedgerows.
The Heart of Man! O the new temper of Christ, in veins
and branches!
He comes, our Sun, to melt the eternal ice
Of death, the crusts of Time round the sunken soul—
Coming again in the spring of the world, clothed with the
scarlet-coloured
Blood of our martyrdoms, the fire of spring.

The voice which had once been a single voice pleading for its own intercession has become a mouthpiece crying for all men; for beggar and richman, tinker and tailor, the allegro negro cocktail shaker as well as silly and shady, Lily O'Grady:

... with the voice of Fire I cry
Will he disdain the flower of the world, the heart of Man?
and again:

I cry of Christ, Who is the ultimate Fire
Who will burn away the cold in the heart of Man...

The world of the mundane mingles with the world of the supernatural; the world of myth with the world of reality:

Now Atlas lays aside his dying world
The clerk, the papers in the dusty office.

For "the ageing Atlas of the slums" waits, "devoured by the days until all days are done," because Miss Sitwell's pilgrimage has brought her to a point where myth and miracle become fused in unity. To her, a myth is true as a myth, just as to Chesterton fairy-tales "were the only true stories." She realizes that the miracle of life exists only so long as it is seen fully, in the blaze of the sun, where in the failing light when the shadows fall

Old people at evening sitting in the doorways
See in the broken window of the slum
The Burning Bush reflected.

To proclaim her message which is the universal message of those who would have life and have it more abundantly, she has drilled herself, turning all her early experiments toward the perfection of technique, until that time has come when she is now ready to be a chalice through which that truth may pour which is the blood of Christ, the wine of universal life—

He with the bright Hair
The Sun Whose Body wast spilt on our fields to bring us
harvest.

As Miss Sitwell's pilgrimage draws to a close, there is but one refrain — *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► WITH THE END of the serious radio season, and the end of my contributions to this column until the fall, I thought I might mention a few of the past season's programs to which, for one reason or another, I found myself listening regularly. These remarks, you should be warned, may be based largely on personal preference and prejudice, not too closely reasoned or analyzed.

On the Musical Side, The Little Symphony, led by Roland Leduc, from Montreal. Consistently throughout the season, as through other seasons, this program has given us the best orchestral playing, the finest selection of music, the most sensitive and musicianly direction of any music produced and broadcast in Canada. To my mind this is a program of quite exceptional quality—an indication of what radio can do in the field of symphonic music, when unhampered by box office and social pressures.

In the talks and discussion field I found myself going back, week after week, to Neil LeRoy's Court of Opinion. The charm and interest of this show, it seems to me, lie not only in its presentation of intelligent and well-informed opinions, but in the manner of that presentation. Easy,

unforced, spontaneous and lively—unflattered by any Dead Hands. With me, because of this quality, Court of Opinion takes precedence over the more serious and more pretentious Citizens' Forum, the reason being, of course, that Court of Opinion uses people who are not only quick and intelligent, but expert broadcasters as well, able and anxious to give with articulate opinions at the drop of a question.

I hope I am not too personally influenced (*The Forum's* Film Critic is a member of the panel) when I suggest that CJBC Views the Shows, which is more formal in its pattern, sometimes achieves the same kind of ease and interest. The greatest fault with this program, or rather, with the CBC's thinking about it, is that it is kept local (CJBC, Toronto) instead of being fed to Dominion as that network's counterpart of Trans-Canada's Critically Speaking.

To feel that because the Plays, Movies, and Music reviewed on CJBC Views the Shows are presented in Toronto they are of no interest in other parts of the country seems to me to be essentially wrong-headed. Indicative, you might say, of the CBC's general tendency to look down on its audience, agreeing with those who maintain, usually for commercial reasons, that Canada neither has nor wants any great interest in the arts.

Again, and this too is a program which reaches only Ontario listeners, I've found myself listening repeatedly—for two reasons—to CFRB and Gordon Sinclair's Hook, Line, and Sinclair.

In a country as hush-hush as Canada, as given to seeing no evil and soft-peddling the little that is seen, it's good to find a vigorous and vocal citizen who not only sees the small persistent evils—and some of them are not so small—but who likes to shout about them. The country would be better for more citizens of Mr. Sinclair's type, able and willing to clamor for simple justice, to puncture with derision the phony and the pretentious, and this is my first reason for listening to Hook, Line, and Sinclair.

My second reason is in the fiendishly clever quality of its advertising. Without ever whispering a forbidden word about a product which should be cold but which never, never should be contaminated by the insertion of ice, these commercials, which ostensibly promote the sale of Peller's Ice, somehow contrive to suggest that Pellers have products other than ice for sale, and that you would be well-advised to try them. If the advertising agencies offer such an award, then the medal for "Neatest Double-Talking of the Year" should certainly go to Hook, Line, and Sinclair.

Despite the chorus of deprecation of the "formula" American comedy show which I hear around me, I confess that I try not to miss Jack Benny. And, if Fred Allen were still on, I'd cheerfully waste half an hour a week with him, for the simple and to me sufficient reason that they never fail to make me laugh. Call it formula, call it low-brow, call it what you will, I maintain that all one can justly demand from a show of this type is hilarity, and that Jack Benny gives in good measure.

In the same gallery, though not, alas, on the same level, are Wayne and Shuster. I approve the CBC's decision to engage these Zanies and their satellites, partly because it has kept one of our few funny programs on the air for the summer, but mostly because it marks a new departure for the Corporation in the field of public relations—a step which I have advocated for years. Herb May's smooth, persuasive voice, which during the winter season sells one kind of wave, now sells another—the excellent Hertzian Waves produced and sold at very reasonable rates by our own Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. In the upper and middle levels of taste the CBC needs little selling; in the

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The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

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E - Editorial
SS - Short Story

THE CANADIAN FORUM

16 Huntley Street

TORONTO 5, ONTARIO, CANADA

lower, apparently, it needs a good deal, and how better can it sell itself than over its own network?

And, of course, Rawhide.

Andrew Allan, with a group of Toronto actors and music as usual by Lucio Agostini, has just produced and tape-recorded three programs for the National (American) Association of Educational Broadcasters, for use on sixty or seventy stations of the NAEB Network. Scripts for these three were by Lister Sinclair—part of the work which he and Len Peterson did for the Ford Foundation on a recent visit to California, and are part of a series called *The Way of Man*. It is to be hoped that Canadian listeners will have a chance to hear them.

It is also, incidentally, a considerable tribute to the CBC and to those taking part in this effort that this work—and Americans are, as a rule, not overly quick to find merit in things outside their own country; with that in mind it is pleasant to be able to quote Professor W. G. Harley of the University of Wisconsin, who, with Doctor Walter Goldschmidt of the University of California at Los Angeles, is directing this project.

"In considering how we might produce these radio programs," Professor Harley says, "it was suggested that some of the programs might be produced in Canada. I had felt for years that some of the finest radio work being done anywhere was being done in Canada. There are people here (in Canada) with special competence in the production of social documentaries."

* * *

Ever since its beginning some four years ago, the controlling and programming genius of CBC Wednesday Nights has been Harry Boyle, Program Director of the Trans-Canada Network. Whatever the Wednesday Nights have accomplished in that time, whatever new ground the series has broken, whatever plaudits and esteem it has earned—and they have been considerable—have been mostly because of Mr. Boyle's wisdom, vision, and integrity. Whatever failures the series has had—they have been few—are, presumably, also to be laid at his door.

Now, with the appointment of Doctor Ira Dilworth as Director of Program Planning, Mr. Boyle has been relieved of this responsibility. Wednesday Nights will henceforth be programmed by a committee headed by Doctor Dilworth and including some of the most able people in the National Program Office. One cannot say, as yet, whether this change will make for better program material on the CBC's Third Program. What one can say, however, is that the new Committee has no easy task; it will have to meet early and adjourn late if it is to set, and achieve, a higher standard for Wednesday Nights than Mr. Boyle has done.

* * *

Further to the subject of Wednesday Nights, the *CBC Times* for the week of May eighteenth carried a full-page spread on the Wednesday Night feature for May twenty-first—Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *May Night*, with words by Gogol. "Ah," I said to myself with pleasure, "that should be interesting." But my pleasure was short-lived; in a few days came a press-release announcing the cancellation of this work, and the substitution there of a BBC Transcription based on Virgil's *Aeneid*. No reason was given.

Curious, I questioned a number of CBC people, all of whom were remarkably innocent, ignorant, or cautious. At last, however, I found one who was both informed and unafraid. "Cancelled?" he said. "Sure. Cancelled on orders from Ottawa. Russian, you know! Too bad, for it was going splendidly in rehearsal." Later I put my question to a man in the higher CBC echelons. This one, not so



HIGH RIVER TRAIL (Linocut)—MARTHA I. HOUSTON

innocent nor so ignorant, was, nevertheless, cagey. He admitted that he had a hunch, but it was not a hunch which he would reveal to anyone. I then put his hunch into words, based on the information I had received from the one talkative character I could find. My man admitted ruefully that I was right—*May Night* had been cancelled solely because it was Russian.

Those of us who lived through the 1914-18 war will remember that we did not, during that period and for some time afterwards, hear a note of German music. That was during an actual and bitter war, and yet many people of intelligence thought that the prohibition of German music, including some of the greatest music in the world, was barbarous. The forces of civilization, good will, and enlightenment, in fact, took such hold on us, made such progress, that during the more recent war we heard as much German music as in normal times, and only the completely rabid suggested that it should be barred.

I hold no brief for Russia. I think that since the end of the last war Russia has made herself, and deliberately, as hard to get along with as possible. But that does not alter the fact that Russians have produced great music and great literature. Those who keep us from hearing them, in such a combination as *May Night* represents, whether we are in a state of hot war, cold war, or fretful peace, are doing their best to return us all to a state of barbarism.

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Spring Come Late

Robert Fontaine

► THE FIRST SPRING he knew, was aware of, actually felt arrive with exultance, was the spring that came after the winter his grandfather had visited them in Canada.

Before that he had not even noticed the spring had just found it there or had looked around from playing and realized it was there and then had gone on playing, not caring, not having it make any meaning except that it would soon be summer and there would be no school.

The winters before his grandfather came were long winters, so long that in the mind of a boy they were all there was to the world, just snow falling and falling and piling up (or being thrown up by plows).

There was a palace of ice built in Cartier square and at night it shone like an immense diamond, glittering all over from the light of the cold frozen moon.

There was a rink in his backyard where his father had flooded the flat land and above the rink there were two small electric light bulbs giving scarcely enough light to play hockey by.

Once in a while his mother, Enid, Mrs. DuFor, would let him go to the Rideau river and skate all along the river in the light of the moon. The world then was crystal and black velvet; hard, crisp, breathless, icy below and around, but above soft black velvet pierced with pinpricks of silver, frozen light.

Outside the back door of the house where Roger lived with his mother and father, the warm afternoon sun, comparatively warm, that is, and then only for a little while, would melt the layers of snow and ice and slowly icicles formed, increasing through the days, becoming fatter, feeding on the trickling moisture that reluctantly gave up its identity on the roof only to find it again as a thin icy finger eventually emerged with the growing icicle.

Late in the afternoon when the sun was golden the icicle gleamed and glistened like precious metal, the eternal, strong, indestructible (so the boy thought as long as the icicle was still there) fragment of frozen world.

When he was first coming to know himself as a person, to look in a mirror seeing the red face roughened with the icy wind peering out from the toque that covered forehead, ears, and in desperation nose and mouth, too, and to see in his face a person, an "I" who was not any other person; separate, distinct, immortal (to him, then, as immortal as the winter seemed), he was surprised and delighted and afraid.

It was necessary to set about distinguishing his arm and fingers and thoughts from the rest of the world and then, afterwards, to try and remember when he was not, which of course he could not do or even imagine any more than he could imagine the time when he would not be, (any more than he could imagine there in the middle of that winter that there would be anything else but winter).

And the whole thing made him afraid and he cried by himself in his room, surrounded by books and toy soldiers and the uninventoried store of precious trifles accumulating in the room of a boy.

He did not know why he cried, finding himself to be a person and no part of something, not part of the world or his father and mother, finding himself alone in the winter and not knowing until decades later what he was crying about and then being only able to deduce, to say he was instinctively touched with the icy finger of the knowledge that since he was real and individual he would suffer.

He did not cry long or speculate or pry or ponder, nor ask questions of Pierre his father, or his mother Enid. What they would answer would be answers from another world; taller, far away, inscrutable, without logic, impermanent, not immortal like himself.

The discovery which he had made he absorbed like medicine the doctor gave him tasting, spitting, hating, and in the end swallowing because there was nothing else to do and having bowed to the inevitable, forgetting it and letting it do its silent work inside.

He played again, heedless, thoughtless, absorbed only in the games and the icy air he breathed that sent intoxication through his lungs and to his head. At school he worked automatically, doing what he had to do as if another person did it, another willing attendant who would do so much, that which was his duty, and no more. All the while the one who was alive and dreaming was thinking of the world of snow outside and the clash of hockey sticks and skates that would come after school; or perhaps the laughing excitement of throwing snowballs at the girls or building castles and forts, challenging the world, secure behind the frozen, defiant castle.

Once they had built a great fort, the snow was just agreeable enough, melting a little under pressure but not softening, and then freezing hard again until the fort was solid as stone and very tall.

The French boys had come at them with snowballs in which small stones had been frozen. The fort held Roger and his friends safely, laughing, watching through small slits in the ice the fruitless cannonading.

Until, at last and suddenly, a noise behind him, a sound of enemy French caused him to turn and, of course, the fort was surrounded or rather Roger was, since the fort was only in front with nothing at all in the rear.

He started to run but before his eyes appeared magically an enormous apparition of white, a snowball seen so immediately before him that it blotted out most of the sky. A cry refused to hasten from his throat. There was a helpless gurgle, a flash of scarlet, the world reddened and turning abruptly into an enormous pressure, into a solid sword of pain pushing at his eyes, pressing against him, relentlessly taking the world away from him, making it shimmer and dance first and then become only a thin film of picture, a reflection only mirrored and not real at all, then becoming nothing at all but the darkness.

He was all better in a few days except for the memory and he was not used to memories so that this one was impressive. It was not like sleep because you welcomed sleep, you went toward it with a smile, your arms outstretched, your eyes shut waiting to see what wonder you touched and knew you were asleep (or knew, rather, that you were not precisely awake in the world you had been awake in all day).

This other thing had been forced on him, angrily, from outside. It had taken from him (if only for a few moments), the self he had discovered, the immutable immortal "I" he had just discovered and if it could take it from him for a few moments what else could it do?

The whole thing wove its way into his consciousness and there was lost or slept, because his Grandfather arrived.

His grandfather was a very old man. He seemed very old to the boy and he was, in fact, nearly eighty. Roger thought he looked strange and withered like the horse in Fairbairn's lumbeyard, the thin, long-faced horse whose little beard was frosty white and whose breath was a great cloud of steam.

But Roger's father (and his mother, too), told him that Grandpa was very spry for his age, very spry indeed and we

should all hope to be as gay and adventurous as Grandpa was when we got to be his age.

Roger did not understand this at all because he had no intention of ever being like his grandfather or ever being even as old as his (Roger's) father. The boy intended to be perhaps like Frank Nighbor who played for the Ottawa hockey team, but never any older or more wrinkled.

Then Roger's father told him about the grandfather whose name was Richard, although the way they said it was Ree-shard. He told how Richard had come from France to Canada somewhere around 1856, a strong slim Frenchman who rode a fast white horse all the way down into the States and settled finally on a girl in New Hampshire and married her and she was Roger's grandmother.

And Roger's father told him how the grandfather had cleared land and plowed it and planted and raised crops and how he sold the farm and went into business as an undertaker and then, after a while, as a merchant with a whole store all his own.

And he told the boy many stories of the grandfather's strength and courage and wit in those far away days but Roger did not believe any of it.

He did not believe it because he could not think of that time way back in the 1850's because it was only in a book or at the movies that those days were real. Certainly he did not believe his grandfather was strong and brave and a great horseman because it was just impossible. If Grandpa had been those wonderful things what had happened? Who was this sparkling, wrinkled little icicle of a man with a gray goatee and a spruce walking-stick and an overcoat with a curly black fur collar? Where was the horse? Where was it all? It had to be somewhere and it was not there in Grandpa.

Oh, he knew there was something wrong with the way he was thinking but he did not know what because his mind could not stretch, could not encompass, at any rate, all the changes and the years and the seasons just as it accepted the winter now as the winter always, until he should suddenly look around and observe it was not winter any more.

But in this year of his grandfather and of discovering the individuality of his self there had been nothing but the winter.

His grandfather was always going out some place. Roger's father said, "He wears me out," and he said it admiringly and grudgingly and good-naturedly, too; perhaps even a little proudly.

Enid said, "He'll kill himself."

Pierre said, "My dear wife, he will . . .," then he stopped and smiled oddly at the boy and amended what he was going to say and said, "He will not be with us long, you understand."

"I know," Roger's mother said sadly.

"Oh, but he is having a time of it," the father went on.

He spoke of how Grandpa had been to the burlesque which was not exactly like burlesque was to be later but which was peopled with low comedians and flurries of legs and such. Grandpa had been to Hull, too, sitting in taverns, drinking bitter ale, listening to stories, perhaps even flirting with girls. He had been to all the restaurants and theatres and cafes and no doubt (Pierre said) to a few places he should not have been.

"This morning," Roger's mother said, without any connection, as if it had been in her mouth to say for hours and now just flowed out, just trickling through her lips, "this morning I found five hundred dollars under his pillow. Five hundred dollars in cash!"

Roger's father laughed, slapped his hand on his knee and said in surprise, "Oh, the old goat! The old goat!"

"Five hundred dollars," Enid repeated. "In cash. Under his pillow."

"That will take care of him for a while," Pierre said, smiling and rocking back and forth in his chair.

This was the first time and the last time, too, that the old grandfather came to visit them. In a few weeks he was gone and he had left behind him skates and a hockey stick and all sorts of candy for Roger.

So then Roger liked him better although never understanding him, or the smell of ale that clung faintly to his yellow-white moustache or the wrinkled-ness of his skin or the over-brightness of his eyes like the cold winter stars. Most of all he never understood what had happened to the young man who rode the horse into the States in the 1850's.

And then, after a while and toward the end of winter, (although Roger did not think about it being the end of winter or the end of anything, or the beginning of anything either), the news came and it stayed around the house in fragments of words the way incense after a while can be found in one corner and not in another. This incense was around, this sad scent of something that had withered and burnt.

His father and mother went away for a few days and then came back solemn, but not sad and they talked in a mysterious way right in front of him but never so he could understand what they were saying even though he could understand all the words.

They did not seem like words that were intended to say something but rather like words that were intended to conceal something, or, at least, words that were intended to avoid saying something.

But after a while he had to ask. He could not help it any longer. So he asked, "What happened to Grandpa?"

"Grandpa is gone," his mother said.

"Gone?" Roger repeated flatly. "Gone."

"He has gone to sleep for a long time," Pierre said.

The boy was thoughtful a long, long time, sitting there on the bed in his father's bedroom as his father rocked back and forth, puffing on a cigar whose aroma filled the room.

He thought about the only other person he had ever seen who had gone to sleep for a long, long time. That had been



OLD TIMER (Linocut)—MARTHA I. HOUSTON

two years ago and the person had been Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Roger and his mother had gone to the Parliament Buildings where the statesman (his mother called him), was "lying-in-state."

Roger had stood in line for what seemed hours, moving slowly and softly in the dim-lit arena of sadness and then, suddenly, he was face to face with the sleeping man, the statesman whose face was serene and even perhaps smiling gently as if at some secret joke he shared with someone who could not be seen.

His sword was by his side, at least Roger pictured it that way. (He had only been eight at the time.) He was dressed beautifully with scarlet satin breeches and shoes with golden buckles and his great head rested on a silken pillow.

As Roger thought of the pillow something flashed in his mind, enlightened, cleared, illuminated, partly explained.

He thought now of the Indians and some of the Negroes in the stories. They slept, too, for a long, long time and with their guns and sometimes their dogs and even their servants so that when they awakened in a different place somehow, a place where you could only get to by sleeping a long, long time and never any other way, they would be prepared.

"Did he have five hundred dollars under his pillow when he went to sleep?" Roger asked.

His father looked at Enid. She looked at the boy. His face was quiet and innocent but anxious.

"Yes, he had five hundred dollars under his pillow."

"He had enough to take care of him when he woke up."

"Yes," his father said. "Yes. He had enough."

The next day Roger understood it all, understood how the old wrinkled man with the goatee and the faint smell of ale could be the young man on the white horse, brave and witty. After he woke up the old man would find the white horse and go riding all over a strange new shining country and be young again and brave again and laugh so that it echoed in the woods.

He thought of this for weeks, picturing the young man now (not the old one), who must be awake and riding through the green woods, shooting at bears, perhaps, talking to and racing with Indians, falling in love (whatever that was, it was supposed to be wonderful), with someone.

And then he looked around one day and it was spring. The snow was melting furiously, singing and laughing down the gutters, splashing, flashing, glinting golden in the streets. Buds were on the trees and birds sang and the air was warm, so warm that Roger took off his heavy coat during the day and jumped about, yelling Indian yells and singing brave songs and charging at bears and feeling himself filled with an exultance, an intoxication that warmed him all over and made him laugh at everything and sing about nothing at all.

Then he understood about Grandpa and everything. He understood about the winter and after it the spring, the time when everything came to life again, younger than ever and one threw off the old and tattered coat that had been a burden and one danced and sang.

After that he would remember the spring in the winter as he remembered the old man who was young again in the forest. And in the winter he would look for the spring and it always came just as he knew it always would.

Film Review

Belle Pomer

► TO AVOID THE UNMISTAKABLE though much diluted flavor of the Saturday-matinee adventure serial, it is best to see *The African Queen* from the very beginning. This beginning, realistic enough, arouses sufficient interest in the characters and situation to carry an amused acceptance of the plot later on. For the hardships that would confront the crew of any boat making its way down an unnavigable tropical river, to blow up (with home-made torpedoes) a German ship patrolling a landlocked lake, are met in such quick succession, and so quickly left behind, that the audience must be quite forgiven for interpreting the treatment as slightly tongue-in-cheek.

The crew of the *African Queen* some ten minutes after the opening of the film consists of the unshaven, unwashed, gin-drinking captain, and a prim, old-maid missionary to whom he has offered his ship as refuge after her brother's death. The death of her brother was caused indirectly by the Germans, who, only a day or two before, brutally laid waste the village and rounded up the natives for military service. The Canadian captain of the *African Queen* would now be quite content to wait out this war of 1914 in some backwater beyond German reach, but his passenger's insistence that they undertake the dangerous journey downstream as their share in the war effort finally prevails.

Obviously the plot line is fantastic. But it is so cleverly draped in realistic detail that the audience is led into a playful compliance which is neither belief nor disbelief, and which meets each new adventure with equal glee and suspense, so that the episode of the leeches, for example, provokes as many good-natured guffaws as shivers of horror. The certainty (conditioned in us from childhood) that all will end well, heightens the sense of frolic.

That this was not the effect intended, there are many indications. Particularly, there is the portrait of the brother, which, as a result both of script and portrayal, has a disturbing quality of life on a level not approached elsewhere in the film. The death-bed revelation touches a note of tragedy that no director would have allowed, had he been aware that the general tone of the film was one of mild ridicule. There are one or two moments when it seems as if the director must, after all, be in on the joke: how else explain the sly fun of the background music as the overturned hull of the *African Queen* is carried by the current head on into the German ship, just in time to save our hero and heroine from being hanged? But taking the film as a whole, it is clear that to those who were making it, the vein of comedy was restricted to the interplay between the two central characters.

Humphrey Bogart as the Captain, and Katherine Hepburn as the missionary display fine ability for genuine comedy. They perform with ease and naturalness, and without a trace of buffoonery directed at the audience. To us, the unkempt, gin-soaked captain and the fastidious missionary thrown together on a small boat are very funny, but not to themselves; the charm and success of their performance is that they do not play for laughs.

In a deliberate parody, the pitfalls of exaggeration and clowning often have disastrous results; *The African Queen*, however, takes itself just seriously enough to avoid broad burlesque, yet not with such solemnity as to weigh itself down. Interest and amusement are sustained to the end, and one comes away with the light, refreshed feeling that follows the indulgence of frivolity.

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is available to subscribers on request

Correspondence

The Editor: During July of this year the fourth annual Shakespeare Festival by the Earle Grey Players will take place in the Quadrangle of Trinity College, Toronto. This Festival has made theatrical history, being the first successful presentation of its kind in this country, and it has become an important part of our cultural life.

It attracts considerable attention not only in Canada but also in the United States and Great Britain, and increasing numbers of visitors attend each year to witness something they cannot see at home—Shakespeare acted under the stars among Elizabethan-styled buildings and with free concerts of Elizabethan music on Sunday evenings. Each play ticket, which is only \$1.25 (a uniform price) entitles the holder to attend a delightful concert of Elizabethan music, performed by experts in this field, at 9 p.m. in Strachan Hall, Trinity College, on Sundays July 6-13-20.

This year marks the centenary of Trinity College and to celebrate the event the Earle Grey Players will give a special production of that magnificent play, *Julius Caesar*, which will run for two weeks from June 30th to July 12th. This will be followed by *The Winter's Tale*, a rarely done play of Shakespeare's, which was recently such a success in London, England, when presented by John Gielgud. *The Winter's Tale* will be performed for one week and the Festival will close with a week's revival of *The Merchant of Venice*, which was such an outstanding success in last year's Festival.

Mrs. G. Earle Grey, Toronto, Ont.

The Editor:

STAY WITH IT, CARLYLE KING

Don't you worry, Carlyle, boy.
Be easy, lad, relax!
Don't fuss about the snaffle
Or bitch about the curb.
Wishing for the wild old days
Of dangle, wangle, pop.
We're still here, man;
We're wagging thumbs and fingers still;
Gasping belly laughs
And carving rude remarks
On walls of mouldy stone.
We're still at work around the land,
Convinced that Right is wrong
In art, or life,
In ink or marble, oil or sound.
Listen,
The gloomy clucking righteous tongues
Of business-men researchers
About the state of culture
In this northern camp
Just makes us laugh,
And spit upon the floors
Of Reading Room and Gallery.
Subsidize the poet! Pay the shot
For artists! A fellowship for sculptors!
Free meals for all musicians!
They'd like to suck us in, we ragged clowns;
They like to pat our rumps
And send us off to think their way,
To write them hymns of praise
About their Christian attitude
To us — the ingrate fringe.
But we ain't being bought today—
Or any other day, old chum.
We haven't changed a goddamned bit
Since Villon, Nashe, Gauguin,
Or Grindguts Quinn, the Rummy—

Composing drunken iambs to a can of blue-flame goof.
Don't panic, Carlyle; stick around
And listen sharply, hard.
For when the gasbag speech is done
And the mob is clapping loud: As sure as hell
You'll hear the obscene wet-burp purr
Of a fluttering raspberry tongue.

B.C., Kitchener, Ont.

Let George Do It

Everything will be all right,
Wait until our ships come in,
Dawn springs out of darkest night,
We can take it on the chin.
Cliché-clacking, pat and bright,
Slices reason pretty thin.

Jargon, eye wash, platitudes,
Silver-lined with laissez-faire,
Strike fielded lily attitudes
And titter on a tightrope where
Their rainbowed gaze makes naiad nudes
Of waiting furies, grim and bare.

Gilean Douglas.

Town Council Meeting: Undesirable

A lamplit six-man show of hands:
These farmer-fingers know the things they know,
Have proved, like wrinkled dug, the rule of thumb.
With faces hidden, speeches gone to grunts,
Christ, in this barber-shop-by-day we come
To the business of the evening, which is you.
(You are the damned one in the derelict shack)
Can that old carcass last the winter through?
The pauper's coffin and the funeral bill
Crying to high heaven, can't we send him back
To where he came from? Threaten him with the law?
Or what?—What cure should any code distill.
For the Paradise of an old fly in amber
(A loaf of bread, a can of beans, and birds
Around you singing in a rural slum?)
The blessed vision of a lethal chamber
Dances above the waterfall of words,
And sparks a letter to the old folks' home . . .
O poor old guy, coming from God knows where
To plague us just as summer says goodbye,
I too have seen you, sitting in the sun
In a cap with lappets, turning towards the glare
Alike of Phoebus and the farmer's eye
Unasking features moulded like a bun.
You, the eternal deficit made flesh,
The something over and above that sum
Allowed by conscience to the home-grown poor—
And yes, those shoulders still invite the lash,
That head the priestly hands we now lay on,
Knowing you for the scapegoat-saviour-bum
We cannot drive forever from the door.

John Glassco.

At Ten

Knowing the names of things
Would drop pebbles into the quiet pools
Of neighboring minds,
Watching the startled rings
Betray the act, conceal the fools.

R. W. Mungall.

Books Reviewed

CREATIVE WRITING IN CANADA: Desmond Pacey; Ryerson; pp. 220; \$4.00.

Of approximately two hundred pages in this survey of Canadian writing in English, Dr. Pacey gives nearly half to the literature of the last thirty years. That seems to me the right proportion. He organizes his material usefully into four main divisions, dealing in turn with the literature of the Colonial Period, the Confederation Era, the Early Twentieth Century, and the Last Thirty Years. He does not clutter the book with passing mention of many figures but judiciously selects for discussion the most interesting writers of each period. Furthermore, he comes not to praise but to appraise them. All this is commendable.

Dr. Pacey has his standards of poetic judgment and applies them sedulously. He likes poetry in the Romantic tradition, he is uneasy about the unconventional or experimental in verse form, and he is unsympathetic to the poet who shows social awareness. Keeping this clearly in mind, one follows with interest and profit his discussions of our poets from Sangster to Souster; without this clue, one would be puzzled by his high valuation of Bliss Carman as one of the masters of Canadian poetry and by his judgment of Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré" as "the most nearly perfect poem to come out of Canada."

It is when he deals with prose writings that Dr. Pacey seems to me frequently to forget his undertaking to insist upon *quality* in his writers. He is much too kind. For example, he says that Kirby's *The Golden Dog* is "a novel which, by any standards, is one of the best of its kind . . . a very good novel from every point of view," and that Parker's mediocre *Seats of the Mighty* is "a novel of considerable power . . . which can still be read for its value as entertainment." A worthless and forgotten novel by Sarah Duncan is "in its minor way, and intermittently rather than continuously, worthy of comparison with E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*"; Miss de la Roche's *Jalna* books offer "high comedy somewhat in the manner of George Meredith"; and Philip Grove is "Worthy to share the company of such men as Hardy, Balzac, and Tolstoy." Well! The omissions are surprising, too. W. H. Blake of *Brown Waters* receives no mention; neither does Emily Carr; and Duncan Campbell Scott's prose is dismissed in a sentence.

The author's own prose style is something less than distinguished. One notices lapses from English idiom, for example 'centre about', 'aims to', and 'different than', and an excessive use of the undergraduate's favorite verb, 'portray.' The locution 'glossy women's magazines' makes one curious about what glossy women read; and the last sentence in the book achieves the nadir of flatness in the favorite cliché of the after-dinner orator: "I believe I speak for most Canadians in predicting that it [Canadian literature] has a great future before it." *Carlyle King.*

CAESAR: Gerard Walter; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 637; \$6.75.

There will probably always be as many different Julius Caesars as there are students of that remarkable man. Caesar was undoubtedly a genius and geniuses are notoriously difficult to understand. The evidence upon which a biographer must base an account of Caesar's life and work is scrappy, thanks to the accidents which beset the survival of ancient documents of every sort, and much of it is extraordinarily difficult to interpret because of bias, open or latent. (The techniques of propaganda and "smear" were by no means unknown in the last century of the Roman republic.) Even Caesar's own books with their superficial

disarming simplicity are something of an enigma. What *exactly* was his purpose in writing *Commentaries* on his wars? The writing or studying of history is, at best, largely a subjective process, and when the subject is complex and subtle and the evidence difficult, there is certain to be divergence between two accounts of the same thing. Perhaps for this reason I am not in agreement with the present book. It is not necessarily the worse for that.

The book traces Caesar's career from beginning to end in the very greatest detail. It presents a thoroughly consistent picture of a man of large stature and ruthless disposition driven by powerful personal ambition, playing politics at Rome with the dirtiest of the dirty politicians of the day, driving his armies hard over his foes, and ultimately seeking to be monarch of the Roman world. The spotlight is always on Caesar. Some of his contemporaries share the spotlight with him for longer or shorter periods, but most of them emerge momentarily from the dark or penumbra, quickly to slide back again. The portrait is one of a hard man but he exerts his own fascination and even evokes a modicum of sympathy or pity. By no stretch of the imagination could this be called a dull book.

It perhaps should be noted that where there is doubt in the interpretation of evidence, Caesar rarely gets the benefit of the doubt. In one case—the scandal of the Bona Dea which caused Caesar to make his famous remark about his wife—the interpretation of the evidence seems subtly perverse—and to Caesar's disadvantage. The author is always quick to seize on gossip or other indications of sexual irregularity on Caesar's part.

With Caesar's cremation the book ends. That, it is said, was the last of Caesar. But was it? It seems to me that Caesar's greatness lies in the fact that when the Roman world was apparently doomed to almost immediate destruction from within because of intolerable stresses in an outmoded constitution, evil imperial administration and dislocated society, he alone was able to see a path to salvation. He was too forthright in his methods and was murdered. But the disguised monarchy of his adopted son Augustus, and the efficient administration of the empire instituted by him were really Caesar's plans artfully modified. That the civilized Roman world was saved for four centuries was in a sense due to Caesar. He did not wholly die on the Ides of March.

Walter has on the whole dealt fairly with the evidence and has presented an account which holds together. Readers may well be stimulated to make use of the extensive bibliography and notes (graciously reserved for the end) to attempt less formal essays of their own. *M. St. A. Woodside.*

LITERATURE THROUGH ART: Helmut A. Hatzfeld; Oxford; pp. 247; \$8.50.

Valuable information may be obtained by comparing and contrasting the problems and practices of the literary arts with those of the plastic arts and vice versa. Mr. Hatzfeld's book exemplifies a way of procedure by taking French literature and art, dividing them into six periods and cross-examining them for analogies. Despite certain disproportionate treatment — ninety-nine pages are devoted to the first 715 years, two hundred pages to the last two centuries — the chief characteristics of each epoch, as the author sees them, are clearly set forth. There are illustrative quotations, 100 half-tone reproductions, a final summary and a bibliography.

Unfortunately the impact of this interesting survey of inter-art resemblances is considerably lessened by the author's Procrustean tendencies. A couple of instances must suffice. It is an ingenious suggestion that the words of

Pascal, "Ceux qui font des antithèses en forçant les mots sont comme ceux qui font de fausses fenêtres pour la symétrie," apply no less to the Luxembourg Palace than to the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld. But surely they cannot be applied to *Tartuffe* which the author considers would have been better as a three — or even a one-act play! Also, it is quite proper to illustrate intimacy in social life and institutions during the rococo period by references to works which are erotic, sophisticated, pagan or artificial, but what about the opposite side of rococo intimacy? Why omit all mention of Chardin, Joseph Vernet, Hubert Robert, Le Franc, Sedaine, Thomas, Ducis and Colardeau?

The other weakness of this book is its numerous minor inaccuracies. Attempts in literature to capture the atmospheric aspects of landscape did not first appear with Balzac, nor does the latter give Grandet on his deathbed a golden crucifix to kiss but one of silver-gilt; there are no men in deerskins in Rimbaud's *Bateau Ivre*; the "acte gratuit" of Duhamel's hero Salavin was not to give his employer a box on the ear but to graze its lobe delicately with the tip of his forefinger, a distinction upon which the whole superstructure of Duhamel's work of art depends.

Nevertheless, *Literature Through Art* affords uniquely profitable experiences for those prepared to read and discuss its findings critically.

Robert Finch.

PEOPLE OF THE DEER: Farley Mowat; McClelland and Stewart (Little, Brown); pp. 344; \$4.50.

Any publication is worth noting that does anything to dispel our present ignorance of the conditions and problems of Canada's Eskimo population and rouse us from our present apathy to the fate of this minority group. The Eskimos are not a unique problem, but another aspect of the universal problem of human relationships and mutual exploitation. The remedy therefore is a delicate matter politically but, as those of us who have known these people realize, some steps can and must be taken now.

It would seem necessary to base our long-term aim for Eskimo welfare upon making them full citizens of Canada. This seems to be a reasonable goal in view of our public protestations of freedom and democracy and would serve to simplify many of the short-term problems. If we are going to help the Eskimos to become full citizens, we must start with understanding the commercial exploitation to which he has been subjected. Then we can begin to envisage what for him would have been the good life and work out the adjustments necessary to accomplish our objectives, with due respect on our part for habits of thought which are alien to our own.

The first step ought to be an investigation and appraisal of our Eskimo policy by a group of social scientists, educators, and others working with the Eskimos. This group should certainly not be under the direction of the government departments which presently share in the maladministration of Eskimo affairs. The results of the investigation might be as rewarding to ourselves as to the Eskimos. The question that arises is how to create public demand for preservation of these people, when there are no investors involved whose returns must be stabilized and increased. Such a book as *People of the Deer* will do something to focus attention upon the subject, even though both the Eskimo and the caribou seem to get less space in its pages than the author himself.

From a literary point of view, the effect of *People of the Deer* would have been enhanced considerably if the occasional patches of it which are written in a factual, chapter-and-verse manner had been made a model for the book as a whole. As it is, Mr. Mowat writes with rather more heaving of the chest than is really necessary.

John Nicol.

JOHN ADAMS AND THE PROPHETS OF PROGRESS: Zoltan Haraszti; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Harvard University Press); pp. viii, 362; \$6.75.

John Adams is one of the lesser known leaders of the formative early years of the United States, overshadowed by men like Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin. Never very popular even in his own day, his caustic tongue and an unhappy faculty for seeing mostly the weaknesses of others and the bad side of a situation built a reputation that has not yet been lived down. He has been judged as he judged others.

That he was a man of greater insight into human affairs than he has been given credit for is only slowly being granted. Undoubtedly one of the chief reasons for the belated reevaluation is the fact that even now the bulk of the Adams Papers are still awaiting investigation by historians since the Adams family has not seen fit to grant permission for their use.

In view of the barring of examination of what must be the main sources of information about John Adams the publication of the present volume assumes an unusual importance. Were the Adams Papers available this book might be only an interesting curiosity but as it is the marginal comments that John Adams wrote lavishly on the books he read, many of which are printed here, provide valuable clues as to his views on leading eighteenth century and French Revolutionary thinkers and writers. We find him bitterly criticizing Bolingbroke as "the Ishmael of his age," replying to Turgot's attack on the American constitutions, commenting sharply on Mary Wollstonecraft's *French Revolution*, crossing swords with Condorcet, Rousseau, Mably, and others. The book consists of a series of "dialogues" between Adams and these authors, his marginal notes being given along with the

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sentences to which they refer. Uncommented passages are summarized by the editor to give a connected picture.

To anyone versed in the history, philosophy, and political science of the eighteenth century, the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period, these interchanges will be rewarding but to the uninitiated they will be largely puzzling. In short it must be said that this is primarily a book for student and scholar, not one for the general reader.

Richard M. Saunders.

THE BETROTHED: Alessandro Manzoni; J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 591; \$3.50.

The Betrothed—I Promessi Sposi—is Italy's great novel. In the century and a quarter of its existence it has been published in some five hundred different editions in every major language in the world. It has formed the basis for an opera, several motion pictures, and a half dozen plays. According to the translator of this edition, *The Betrothed* "is not only the first modern Italian novel; for Italy it is all Scott, Dickens and Thackeray rolled into one volume . . ." Its author became an enormously influential, almost legendary figure in his own country during his lifetime, and remains so even today. This edition of *The Betrothed* is the first modern translation in English and the translator, Archibald Colquhoun, seems to have done an admirable job. Manzoni's prose comes through in English as brisk, firm and vigorous, and only occasionally does the translation seem rather too modern and even a trifle breezy.

The Betrothed is subtitled "a tale of Seventeenth Century Milan", and it is a long, easygoing, involved and socially informative story in the tradition of Sir Walter Scott.

Manzoni indulges in all the techniques common to this sort of fiction—the ingenuous moralizing, the bald digressions, the blatant manipulation of plot—and the novel he has created should always make pleasant and leisurely reading. The central characters of *The Betrothed* are a young peasant and his girl, and they, as well as the more important of the evil characters designed to frustrate and threaten them, are obvious stereotypes. But the minor characters are realistic and interesting, and there are long descriptions of a bread riot, a famine and a plague which show that Manzoni was an energetic and capable writer of straightforward descriptive narrative.

Most modern readers should be able to read *The Betrothed* with active interest and enjoyment. Whether they will find it as important a novel as it is claimed to be seems less likely. Mr. Colquhoun suggests that its "spirit" is close to Tolstoy, but aside from everything else, Manzoni's ideas are much less interesting and impressive than Tolstoy's. It's true that he represented certain liberal tendencies within the Roman Catholic Church, but today his religious views, at least to the non-Catholic, do not carry much of an impact. Yet if *The Betrothed* seems less significant than its supporters would claim, it does contain its own various pleasures and merits.

Robert L. Weaver.

BARABBAS: Par Lagerkvist; Clarke, Irwin (Chatto and Windus); pp. 187; \$2.50.

The story opens on the day when Barabbas is reprieved and Christ is led out to death at Golgotha, and it ends thirty years later with Barabbas on the Cross involuntarily for Christ's sake. In between is Barabbas' struggle to come to terms with a doctrine, "Love one another," that he finds

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fantastic but unforgettable. By some sort of inner compulsion, warring against his judgment, he must look at Christ on the cross, wait on Easter morning by the tomb, watch a slave's martyrdom for his faith, and seek out the Christian groups wherever he goes in his thirty years' flight from himself. Lagerkvist tells this story swiftly, directly, economically; it has a beauty of simplicity and restraint.

The book is as much parable as novel. Barabbas is a lonely man, a sinful man, a bitter man. He is exasperated and enraged by the senselessness and cruelty of men and things, and he has always carried death inside him. He wants to believe but cannot. As he goes into the final darkness, he is still in thrall to the mingled hope and despair of St. Paul's "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Carlyle King.

MY COUSIN RACHEL: Daphne du Maurier; Longmans, Green; pp. 283; \$4.00.

OPERATION PAX: Michael Innes; Longmans, Green; pp. 304; \$2.50.

20 GREAT TALES OF MURDER: Edited by Helen McCloy and Brett Halliday; Random House; pp. 336; \$3.95.

Here we have three interesting samples from the mystery-and-murder lode. By far the most famous is *My Cousin Rachel*, which ranks high on the list of best-sellers. Perhaps the reason is that it's listed simply as "a novel by the author of *Rebecca*". Miss du Maurier has been smart enough to get all her thrillers published as novels and thus has escaped the stigma that falls on less astute mystery writers. Yet *My Cousin Rachel* is no better than dozens of other books in the mystery field. It's set in rural Cornwall, and deals with a fascinating woman who may or may not have murdered her first two husbands, and who casts her spell over the young narrator who has sworn to revenge his foster father who was her second husband.

My Cousin Rachel is a good enough suspense story with some interesting twists, but it's not nearly as good as *Operation Pax*, which is issued as a straight thriller in a gaudy yellow cover proclaiming: "Thrills! Detection! Adventure!" It's about some sinister scientists who have discovered a drug that destroys man's will to fight. Into the fantastic tale are woven a great many fascinating and startlingly realistic characters, and a considerable amount of philosophy so cleverly disguised that the unsuspecting reader swallows it and likes it. The scene shifts from rural England to Oxford, with the Bodleian Library playing a major part in the plot.

20 *Great Tales of Murder* is an anthology of short stories written by members of the Mystery Writers of America, Inc. This organization, whose motto is "Crime doesn't pay—enough," aims to better the conditions of the mystery writer by getting him more money and encouraging him to write better mysteries. Judging from the samples in this book, its efforts have been quite successful. Most of the stories are clever and unusual, and quite a few are of as high quality as the stories published in general short-story anthologies. I particularly liked "Goodbye, Miss Lizzie Borden" by Lillian de la Torre, and "The Black Cabinet" by John Dickson Carr, which mix history with mystery to get a striking effect.

Edith Fowke.

SOCIAL ROMANTICISM IN FRANCE 1830-1848: David Owen Evans; Oxford; pp. 149; \$2.25.

Napoleon and Saint-Simon both liked to think of themselves as descendants of Charlemagne. The first twenty-five pages of this hundred-page book (in which, by the way, there is not a waste word) recall the persistently ignored fact that, of his two children, Charlemagne has reason to be vastly

prouder of Saint-Simon. The romantic pen was mightier than the romantic sword. Unfortunately, the emotional activities of the romantic period have tended to obscure its social ones, leaving us unaware of half its major triumphs. Yet it was Saint-Simon and his disciples who first, long before Marx, in an astonishing variety of publications, exposed the exploitation of man by man and urged reforms later included in the Communist manifesto. The distinguishing feature of their philosophy, however, was its non-revolutionary, definitely evolutionary programme. In popularizing and carrying out their reforms the socialists were tremendously helped by the whole group of Romantic writers who were attracted by the Saint-Simonian doctrine that literature and the fine arts, far from being "the works of idleness and dissipation", have a social function to perform.

In his examination of the literature inspired by this doctrine, Mr. Evans produces surprise after surprise, revealing totally new and unsuspected sides of Hugo, Lamennais and Lamartine (all of whom were simultaneously placed on the Papal Index), George Sand and Pierre Leroux (with whom she collaborated), Vigny, Ballanche, Fourier, Blanc, Blanqui, Considerant, Reynaud, Cabet, Baudelaire, whose suggestive but obscure line "Notre âme est un trois mâts cherchant son Icarie" is here at last made crystal clear, Proudhon, the all-but-forgotten Pecqueur who was nevertheless first to expound in detail a collectivist system (one of the most striking sections of the book), Michelet, and Balzac from whom Engels said he had received more than from everyone else put together.

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This small volume, so rich in new perspectives, has a useful selective critical bibliography; for scholars and teachers it will prove a long-needed companion to E. M. Grant's *French Poetry and Modern Industry*; for any reader it provides continuous new light on the subject of romantic socialism, yet without once forgetting or distorting the underlying motive of that movement, namely, the liberation of the individual personality as a major step towards the moral and spiritual emancipation of mankind.

Robert Finch.

HIS EXCELLENCY: Adrian Alington; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 220; \$2.50.

Many novels have been more or less successfully adapted for the stage, or more commonly, for the movies. Some novels, like those of James M. Cain, compounded mainly of atmosphere and action, with very little reflection, make the transition with no loss in content at all; but usually the better the novel, the greater the wrench and loss. Here is a book which tries to reverse the process, and make a novel of a play by Dorothy and Campbell Christie — a play which has already been transferred to the screen. The attempt is not a success. The characters in Mr. Alington's story are thinner, duller, and far more incredible to read about than they were to see on stage or screen. Instead of giving them the rounder dimensions, the fuller thoughts and the wider implications that characters in novels do sometimes have (as for instance, the characters in Penn Warren's *All the Kings Men* had, and lost in transition to the screen), Mr. Alington has managed to diminish the stature of George Harrison, his daughter, and their diplomatic entourage as we saw them in the film. It is partly a matter of Mr. Alington's lack of equipment as a writer; but mostly the inherent difficulty, if not impossibility, of writing even a passable novel about characters which the author himself has not created, and whose possible depths he has not even attempted to imagine.

As a novel *His Excellency* has no valid excuse for existence — except possibly as a convenient outline of the original plot and action for people who cannot bear to read plays or look at movies.

D.M.S.

A. J. CASSON; Paul Duval; Ryerson; pp. 64; \$4.50.

This simple and readable short monograph by Paul Duval outlines the career of one of Canada's best known painters and commercial designers. It tells of his boyhood, his practical-handed hobbies, his enjoyment of outdoor life, his identification with Ontario and particularly Southern Ontario. At fifteen he was an apprentice in a lithographing house, and he became later assistant to Frank Carmichael who helped him greatly and with him founded the Water Color Society. He was painting in oils as well, became a member of the Group of Seven in the twenties as well as The Ontario Society of Artists, and is now President of the Royal Canadian Academy. Mr. Duval reflects our changed attitude to art and everyday life in showing how Casson the painter was also Casson the commercial art director who has had great influence as an art patron by using working Canadian artists in advertising. It is regrettable that printing costs make the price of this attractive little book so high.

H.F.

THE GREEN MADONNA: C. E. L'Ami; Ryerson; pp. 302; \$4.00.

This is an historical romance, but of a variety superior to most of the works in this overcrowded category. L'Ami, a well-known western Canadian newspaperman who now lectures in journalism at the University of Manitoba, has apparently chosen Sir Walter Scott as his model in both style and treatment, and his choice, though surprising at

first thought, has been a good one. The first great British historical novelist still has much to say to writers in this field, and L'Ami seems to have mastered many of Scott's techniques, such as his use of suspense, mystery, horror and his manipulation of two interlocking plots, and his ability to make the political and religious issues of a past day understandable and important to the reader. *The Green Madonna* is a story of fifteenth century rural England, at a time when the three-sided struggle between the church, the feudal nobility and the common people was boiling up into the minor rebellions which presaged the coming Reformation of the next century. The book received the Westminster Fiction Award, and its popular reception in both the United States and Canada should be at least as good as that accorded it by the distinguished Westminster Award panel, and by critics in general.

Larry Rogers.

Our Contributors

BERNARD BRADEN is the well-known Canadian actor at present living in England . . . EDMUND S. CARPENTER is with the department of anthropology of the University of Toronto . . . DR. JOHN D. ROBINS, is the librarian of Victoria College, in the University of Toronto . . . ROBERT FONTAINE, a frequent contributor to *The Forum*, is known to CBC listeners as the author of "The Happy Time" program . . . NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE is a director of The Phoenix Press Ltd., London, England . . . MARTHA I. HOUSTON, who teaches at High River, Alberta, studied under Walter J. Phillips at the Banff School of Fine Arts . . . HAROLD FRANCIS, whose work was exhibited recently in the annual exhibition of the Society of Canadian Painter-Etchers and Engravers, lives in London, Ontario.

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